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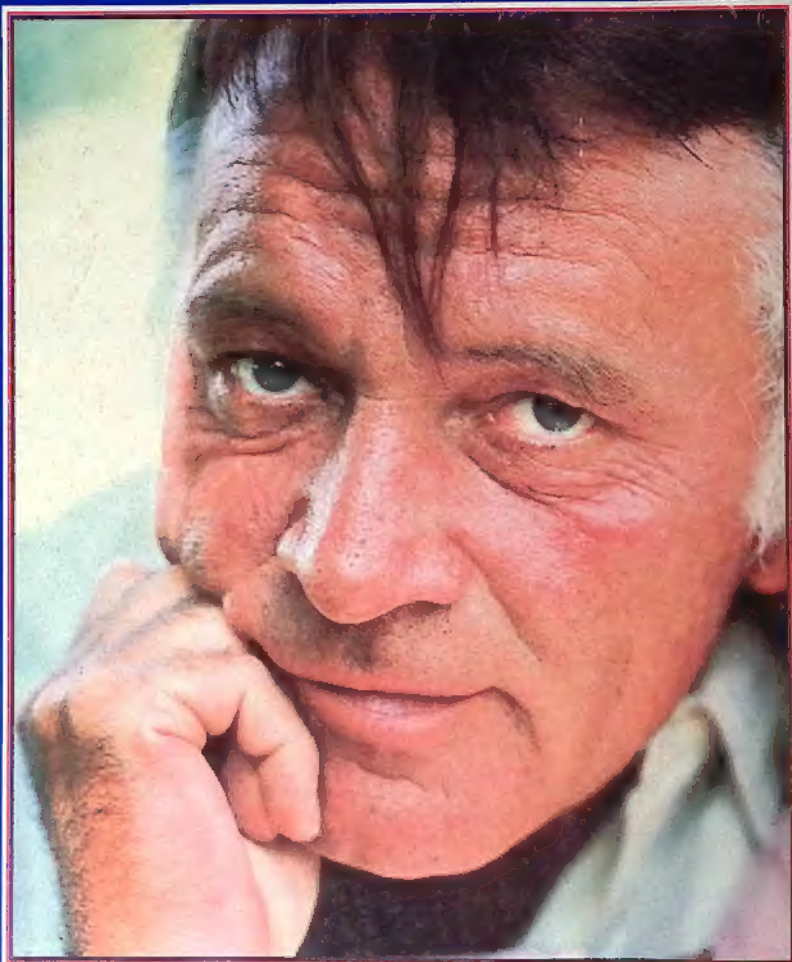
People

weekly



Richard Burton

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his greatest
performance
— a life
as lover,
rogue and
magnificent
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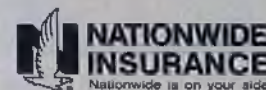
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AUGUST 20, 1984 VOL. 22, NO. 8

People weekly

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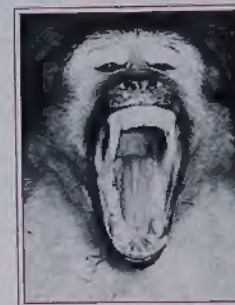
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ABC-TV anchor **Kathleen Sullivan** was a dazzling winner at the Olympics

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Mail

Geraldine Ferraro

I was filled with hope and pride as I read your article about Gerry Ferraro (PEOPLE, July 30). Her story shows us that sorrow and financial struggle, along with love and support from a parent, can be true character builders. I wish her the best.

Rami Singh
Nashville

As a woman, I am as excited as anyone about a possible woman Vice-President. However, when I read that Geraldine Ferraro had questioned President Reagan's sincerity as a Christian, it made my blood boil. One should never talk about whether one is a good Christian—or Muslim or Jew or Buddhist. It's like an athlete bragging about how great he is: It takes something away from the person. When it comes to religion, we must answer only to God. When it comes to politics, you must answer to the people. Stick to the issues, Geraldine.

Sue-Lane Garrett
Westboro, Mass.

Roller Coasters

I read your story on the 10 best roller coasters, waiting to see if my favorites, the Blue Streak and the Gemini at Cedar Point in Sandusky, Ohio, made the list. Alas, they had not. I wouldn't drive the 500 miles every summer if it weren't worth the thrills and screams.

Mickie McGuinness
Schenectady, N.Y.

How could you overlook the 12-story, quadruple upside-down Orient Express at Kansas City's Worlds of Fun?

Tim Baldwin
Arlington, Texas

How about the Loch Ness Monster at Busch Gardens in Williamsburg?

Sid Johnson
Chesapeake, Va.

Rabbi Kahane

How dare this man call himself a rabbi? As a Jew, I remember well that my grandparents fled their homes in Russia without their belongings because of the narrow-minded views of the Czar. Many of Kahane's fellow Israelis were turned out of their homes and countries because of Hitler's distorted views of who belonged and who didn't.

How then is Kahane different? I am ashamed to know that he may win his elections because enough fellow Jews support his campaign of hatred. It's a sad day for people of all races and religions.

Vicki Daly Redholtz
Santa Monica, Calif.

On July 23 Meir Kahane was elected to the Knesset.—ED.

In Rabbi Kahane burns the fire of ancient Israel's prophets, and those who would deny him his convictions are guilty of the most egregious hypocrisy. I feel he is the greatest living Jew.

R. Schwartz
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Gremlins

I'm tired of hearing what a cute, funny movie *Gremlins* is. I love horror movies, but this one was inappropriately mixed with comedy, snaring a young audience and then frightening it. When I saw the show on opening night, before word of the grisly scenes got out, there were children all over the theater crying and hiding their eyes. This movie should have been toned down to get a PG rating, or else the cuteness should have been removed. Then it would have been a straight R-rated horror, or should I say gore, film. Horror, to me, means artful suspense, not splatter.

Michele Miller
Austin, Texas

Instead of recoiling from *Gremlins* in horror, you could look at it in a different fashion. Those children who saw *E.T.* a couple of years ago and understood something about love can now see *Gremlins* and learn something about danger. After all, life isn't only Reese's Pieces; there has to be some greasy, leftover chicken.

Mark D. Sylvester
Hopewell, N.J.

Curtis Pesmen

Getting old can be a nightmare. Curtis Pesmen's book *How a Man Ages* is a commendable boost to the attempt to make the senior years a golden joy. Forewarned is forearmed. As a senior citizen, I thank Pesmen for his alert, sensitive, valuable advice.

Dave Bloom
New York City

Mail

One of your readers complains about an "almost fanatical fervor that has been brought to bear on the drinking driver" while homes are still burglarized and people held up in broad daylight. What he does not take into account is that when you put a car into the hands of a drunk driver, it may well become a murder weapon. For example, this spring two girls were killed by a teenage drunk driver. One was a close friend and colleague of mine, and I felt the loss deeply, as did the company for whom she worked. In our own private ways we are still grieving for our friend and for the waste, the senseless loss that needn't have happened. If these two girls had been held up, chances are they would have lost only their purses, not their lives.

Barbara Fisher
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

A truly "fanatical fervor" should be "brought to bear on the drinking driver." Cari Lightner, the daughter of the woman who founded MADD, was born just four days after I was, and it is a disgrace to see anyone killed needlessly as Cari was.

Jennifer A. Farris
Waldo, Ohio

Olympic Games

I feel a strong compulsion to challenge Jeff Jarvis. In his review of this week's TV, he says that more than 10 hours a day of Olympic coverage is "a definite overdose of sweat and pluck." What kind of nonsense is this? This is a fine opportunity to impress on our children, without lecturing, the satisfactions that come from hard work, fair-mindedness and pride in one's accomplishments. When *Dallas*, *Falcon Crest* and *A-Team* are in their heyday, how can Mr. Jarvis think that two short weeks of 10 hours a day filled with wonderful, emotional and patriotic moments are anything but too brief?

Teresa Van Pelt
Rancho Palos Verdes,
Calif.

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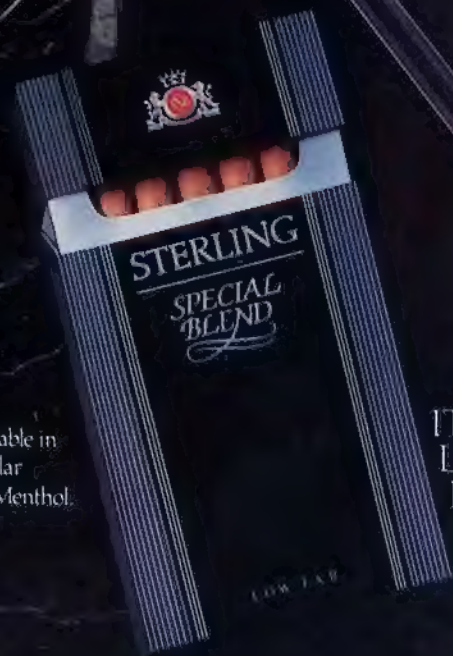
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A checklist of this week's
noteworthy TV shows, movies, books,
records and other happenings

Tube BY JEFF JARVIS

HOW THEY DID IT

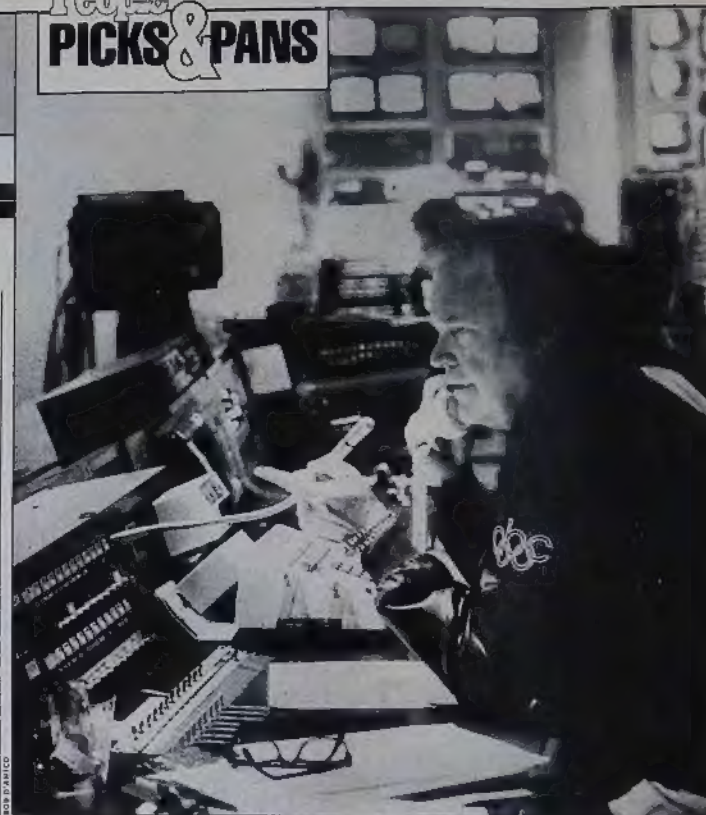
Sitting at the right hand of TV's god—Roone Arledge to his friends—was a man who juggled up to 147 live TV shots from Olympic sites, 70 videotape machines, 17 cameras aimed at L.A.'s scenery, four cameras pointed at Jim McKay and a couple of helicopters. Arledge is the president of ABC News and Sports and the executive producer of ABC's prime-time Olympics coverage. He decided what to show and when to show it. To his right was Roger Goodman, the director who made it all fit in five hours a night and the man who spent 3 1/2 years designing the \$2.5 million preb set and control booth—his "giant Atari game"—that was shipped, complete with 200 TV sets, to Sarajevo for the Winter Olympics, then to L.A. for the Summer Games. In that booth Arledge, Goodman and a dozen others spent 16 nights putting on the biggest sports show ever.

Yes, there were some problems with ABC's coverage: It was too often jingoistic, concentrating on Americans and all but ignoring others (even though ABC had many multinational pictures to pick from, since it was feeding signals to 2.5 billion viewers around the world). With up to 14 1/2 hours to fill in a day, too much time was devoted to esoteric sports (but then, how often do you get to see a good water polo game?). And there were those odd observations only sportscasters can make; leave it to Howard Cosell to shout, "You can see the per-spir-a-lion!" But forget the problems, ABC's coverage was, all in all, spectacular.

Watching Arledge produce it one night was like watching Mary Lou Retton spin on the uneven bars: talented, fast, graceful and confident but always in danger of slipping. He sat in the control booth, his back to McKay and the glass wall that separated them, his eyes on TV monitors sloppily labeled "Boxing," "Wrestling," "Basketball," "Cycling," "Equestrian"—the events he had to choose from while waiting for gymnastics to begin. He had hotlines to producers at every Olympic venue and he checked in with them often. "What's the score on the Saudi soccer?" he asked, planning to show a few minutes of the game to lead into a recorded feature on the team. "Zip-zip," came the answer. The Saudis had to wait a few nights to get on the air. He was given a choice of showing the complete medal ceremony for a cycling event or just the playing of the national anthem; with two American winners, Arledge said, "We better go with the awards."

Through a microphone on his desk, Arledge spoke right into the ears of all his commentators, telling them how long they had and where to go next and sometimes what to say. He commanded a wonderful power. A thought would come out of Arledge's mouth, go into his commentators' ears, out of their mouths and into the ears of 80 million Americans. After Jack Whitaker, at woman's gymnastics, told the audience that Rumanian Nadia Comaneci was sitting at the judge's table, Arledge properly thought that sounded misleading. "Be sure to mention that Nadia's not a judge," he said

People PICKS & PANS



ABC Sports chief Roone Arledge coaches his commentators from the world's fanciest switchboard.

into Whitaker's earphone. Whitaker soon said: "Nadia's not here as a judge." When U.S. gymnastic scores came in low (and slow) after an argument among judges, Arledge told his venue producer, "Who's the best reporter we got in there? Get reporters out to find out exactly what that argument was all about." He didn't get it but didn't give up. "It's a really interesting story," he said. "We have to get it." But the competition ended before he could bring in his story. At the finish, when the American woman's team lost the gold but won the silver, Arledge reminded his team: "It's a hell of an achievement for the U.S. women." That's just how McKay and company analyzed it.

In that way Arledge was like the editor of an instant newspaper—and a good one. With all the activity going on around him, Arledge still heard, over a booth loudspeaker, what his commentators told his audience; he guided and corrected them. Always politely.

"Keith Jackson, can you hear me? How are you?" Arledge said into his commentator's ear. With seconds to spare, he found time for niceties. He tried, too, to keep things cool in the booth. Listen in as director Goodman talked by microphone to a technician who was supposed to run a report on videotape machine No. 111: "Say hello to Roger, 111. You ready to go on air? Yes or no? Quickly! TELL ME! 111, are you ready or not? 111, talk to Roger Roll, 111! ROLL, 111!" It rolled at last. Goodman muttered: "What the hell's going on with you

guys?" The muttering spread. Then Arledge said, "Relax everybody." And they did.

Goodman denies having ulcers, but he deserves them. The details could confound a computer programmer. He meticulously directed a helicopter cameraman for a scene that appeared, through TV magic, behind McKay: "Gimme the Hollywood sign upper right. Tilt up... a little wider..." McKay suddenly looked as if he were sitting high above L.A., not in a windowless soundstage on a tacky edge of Hollywood. The pace was killing, too. "What you really are," says Goodman, "is a flight controller trying to figure out where you're going." He would count down at the end of a taped report, ready to cut to the next shot but without knowing what shot to cut to: "Ten—where are we going?—9, 8, 7..." Arledge always decided before Goodman got to 1.

The only person who wasn't so harried was McKay, who sat in the studio wearing sunglasses against the glare, munching popcorn and watching the Olympics like the rest of us as he waited for his seconds in the sun. But his job was tough—tardious, at least. Not once in five hours did he even rise from the anchor desk, just in case he had to go on the air. Nobody left the control booth either. You don't see TV people drinking much coffee while they work.

When they were done with this one night—15 minutes later than usual because the gymnastics went on too long—Arledge said: "Nice job. Nice job." And so it was.

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People PICKS & PANS

Screen

▲ CLOAK & DAGGER

In the caper comedies of not so long ago, the elusive object of desire was usually a fabled gem. Nowadays it's a computer program. Like *Best Defense*, this fumble-fingered adventure pivots upon stolen software secrets. Although officially an updated remake of *The Window*, a 1949 suspense movie starring Bobby Driscoll, *Cloak & Dagger* plays more like the bastard child of *WarGames* and a Hitchcock homage. Henry (E.T.) Thomas is a gadget-crazed kid who indulges in game playing, fantasy and the companionship of an imaginary spy, Dabney (TV's *Buffalo Bill*) Coleman. As a surrogate father figure, Coleman delivers the advice and affection Thomas doesn't get from his real dad, a preoccupied Air Force officer, also played by Coleman. When Thomas stumbles upon a real-life spy ring, he becomes the high-tech equivalent of the boy who cried wolf. Director Richard Franklin, who made 1983's *Psycho II*, is more entranced by the scenery of San Antonio, where the film was shot, than the Hitchcock allusions of Tom (also *Psycho II*) Holland's script. *Cloak & Dagger* is the story of Thomas' rite of passage. When he becomes his own man, he casts off his imaginary pal and learns to appreciate his dad. But like a lot of adolescent comedies, this one sabotages its own theme. Since there isn't a brainy adult in the film, why would anybody want to grow up? Other movies can get away with pandering to kids through condescending portraits of adults—but not a movie that makes maturity its grand finale. Thomas' performance reflects a likable combination of intelligence and vulnerability. But Coleman just coasts on his insensitive cad schtick, and most of the time *Cloak & Dagger* merely insinuates that growing up is the most egregious kind of child's play. (PG)—*Scott Haller*

▲ THE JUNGLE BOOK

This 1967 film, the last animated feature Walt Disney worked on before he died, was loosely based on the Mowgli stories of Rudyard Kipling. It featured the voices of Phil Harris as Baloo, the scat-singing bear, Sebastian Cabot as the stuffy panther Bagheera, George Sanders as the tyrannical tiger Shere Khan, Sterling Holloway as the python Kaa and Bruce Reitherman, son of director Wolfgang Reitherman, as Mowgli. With the movie currently in re-release, critic Ralph Novak and his son, Thaddeus, 4, saw it at a northern New Jersey theater, then went home to tape the following review.

Ralph: What did you think of that movie? Thaddeus: Fine. R: What parts did you like best? T: I liked all of it, really. The part with Baloo and that boy was great. That's the part I'm gonna talk about.

But let's do that after dinner so we don't have to talk and eat at the same time. (After dinner) R: So, how did you like the music in *The Jungle Book*? T: The music was good, too. R: What was your favorite song? T: *The Bare Necessities*. Baloo sang that. R: What did you think of that tiger? T: Not very bad. R: Was he scary? T: No way. I wasn't scared. R: Did you like the little boy? T: Very nice. Especially with the bear. R: Was there any part of the movie you didn't like? T: The part where that tiger tries to trick the snake into giving him the boy. But he wouldn't. R: Why didn't you like that part? T: Because it wasn't very nice to want to eat a boy. R: What did you think of those monkeys? T: Very fine. R: What did you think was the funniest part? T: The monkeys trying to trick the boy into being a monkey. R: If you told your friend Zachary about this movie, what would you say? T: I would say, "Nice movie, Zack." (G)—*Ralph and Thaddeus Novak*

▲ GRANDVIEW U.S.A.

Jamie Lee Curtis has become such a smart, witty and sexy actress that she makes this otherwise stupid, shoddy movie intermittently tolerable. She plays a 27-year-old divorcee who runs a near-bankrupt demolition derby in a small town (the film was made in Pontiac, Ill.). She has a ridiculous fling with a high school twerp, C. Thomas (*The Outsiders*) Howell, though she really loves Patrick (*Uncle Sam*) Swayze, an unhappily married construction worker. Nothing that happens approaches life. The director was Randal (*Grease*) Kleiser, who seems to be auditioning for MTV—badly, in one dream sequence where Howell imagines himself to be a rock star. The production values are atrocious. The photography is washed out, the sound muddied, the editing slipshod. What is a nice actress like Curtis doing in a movie like this? (R)—*R.N.*



Henry Thomas gets on-the-job training in the spy business from his father, Dabney Coleman, in *Cloak & Dagger*.

BACK TO SCHOOL WITH SHINY HAIR

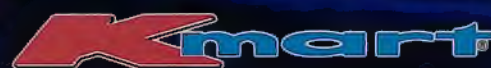
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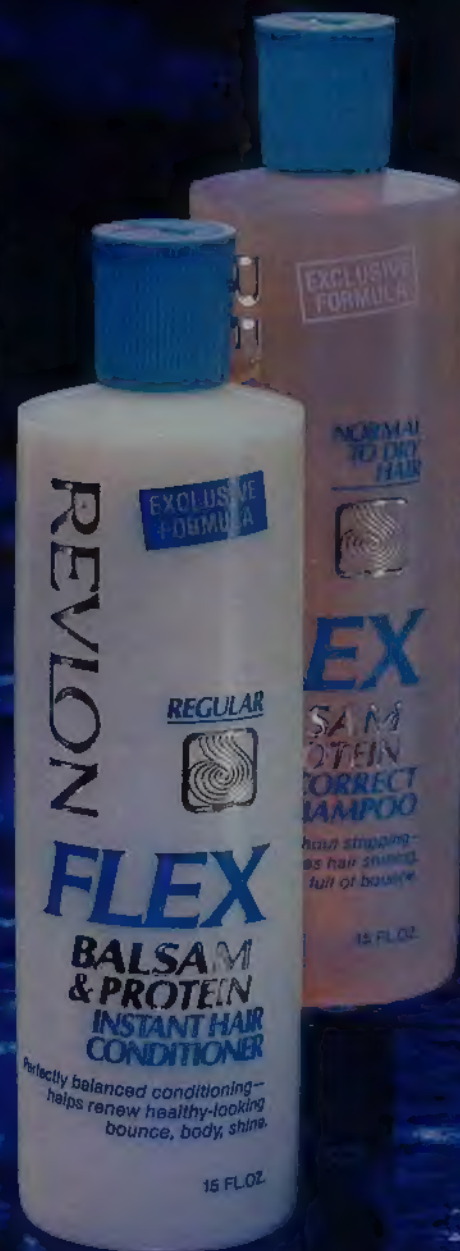
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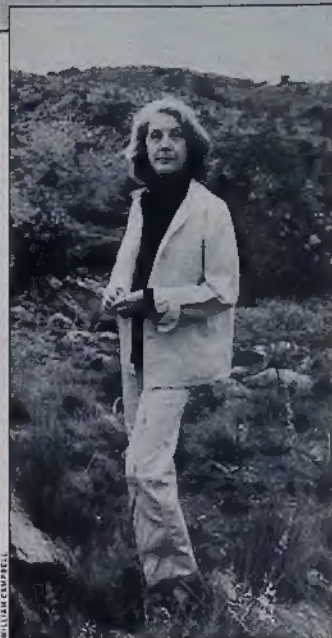
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People PICKS & PANS



Nadine Gordimer's short stories in *Something Out There* are set in her homeland, South Africa.

Pages

▲ SOMETHING OUT THERE by Nadine Gordimer

Gordimer, a 60-year-old South African, is a proclaimed enemy of her homeland's white racist regime; she lives in Johannesburg. This is her ninth collection of short stories (she has also written eight novels). In its 10 tales she again casts her meticulously observant eye upon apartheid's inequalities, expressing her political judgments through portraits of both victims and oppressors. In the brief, poignant *Crimes of Conscience*, for instance, a young female activist meets a South African man who claims to have been enlightened politically by years spent working in Europe. Their natural affinity leads to a love affair; unknown to her, he has been secretly recruited abroad by the South African government to spy on potential troublemakers. *Blinder* tells the story of Rose, a black housekeeper in Johannesburg whose lover—a migrant city worker—is killed in a bus crash while returning to his Bantustan, the black reservation where his wife and children live. Through Rose's anguish and confusion, the cruelty of South Africa's system of labor, which forces many blacks into living two disparate lives, is revealed in powerful human terms. The title novella is part allegory, part suspense story. As the complacent citizens of Johannesburg's white suburbs are terrorized by a mysterious monkeylike creature, a team of subversives works under their noses, plotting to blow up a power sta-



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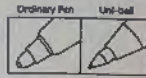
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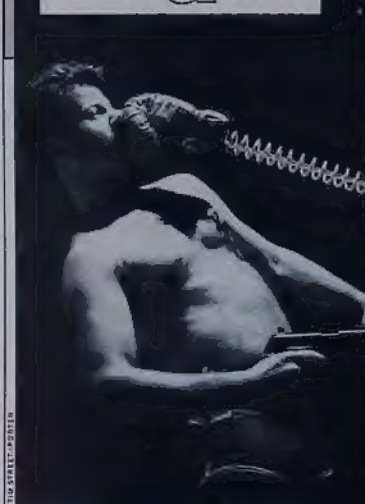
the NFL season to work and spend time with the youth of their NFL cities, both to serve the needs of the community and to present young people with positive role models. In 1983, President Ronald Reagan signed a bill which proclaimed Youth of America Week nationwide. The Alumni reached 50,000 kids in all 26 NFL cities, and their goal for 1984 is to reach a million youngsters with their message.

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People PICKS & PANS



lion. Not all of Gordimer's stories are political. *Letter From His Father* bears a humorous grave-to-grave message to Franz Kafka from his off-maligned dad. Gordimer's writing is marked by compassion, unsparing vision and needle-sharp description ("Her thin, knobby little hands were like tools laid upon the Formica counter of the coffee bar"). No wonder she is so often mentioned as a candidate for the Nobel Prize. (Viking, \$15.95)

—Joshua Hammer

▲ UTOPIA... OR BUST!

by Philip Garner
Garner's book of whimsical "inventions," *Better Living Catalog*, was such a success he has followed it up with this slender bit of fun. Among his suggested new products is the glass-bottom bus, which allows tourists on board to take photos of picturesque sewer lids. There is also a new sport called skeet bowling, in which the competitor shoots a bowling ball at a flight of terns. There are TV dinners that include disposable TV sets, a man's off-the-shoulder business suit for evening wear and a "Murphy" grand piano for small apartments—it folds conveniently into the wall. Garner's inspirations are always just close enough to plausibility so that they make you wonder: "Might someone do it?" And in addition to being just plain funny, he also seems to be commenting on our modern compulsion to motorize, amplify, streamline, miniaturize and, most of all, improve everything. (Delliah, \$6.95)

—Ralph Novak

▲ THE BROWSER'S BOOK OF BEGINNINGS

by Charles Panati
This imaginative reference book is subtitled *Origins of Everything Under, and Including, the Sun*. We are told that Earth's sun began 4.6 billion years ago when "one ball of gases, mainly hydrogen and helium, contracted to form a new, medium-sized star." The Chinese were the first to brew liquor (in 800 B.C.). Newspapers (handwritten and posted in public) began in Rome in 59 B.C.; the first was called *Acta Diurna* (Daily Events). The first bridge was laid across the Euphrates River in 700 B.C. at



The inventions in Philip Garner's *Utopia... or Bust!* include the boxing gun, which "eliminates tedious clinching."

Babylon. The typewriter was invented in the U.S. by a man named Christopher Latham Sholes in 1867; the electric typewriter came along in 1920. Did James Naismith invent basketball at the Springfield, Mass. YMCA school in 1891, or was it first played in Mexico as a 16th-century Aztec game? Aspin was discovered in 1893 in Germany. The first English novel was Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* in 1740, but the first book, or bound text, was produced in Egypt in 2800 B.C. This volume offers hundreds of nicely written paragraphs about the origin of everything from the abacus (6th century B.C., China) to the YWCA (London, 1855). The author has written six other books, including *The Silent Intruder: Surviving the Radiation Age*. (Houghton Mifflin, \$17.95)—Campbell Geeslin

▲ THE CASE OF THE MURDERED MACKENZIE

by E.V. Cunningham
Detective Masao Masuto of the Beverly Hills police is on his way to Japan for a two-month vacation with his family. Then he learns that a wealthy engineer named Mackenzie has been electrocuted in the bathtub of his Beverly Hills home. Mackenzie's wife, a former movie star who is very beautiful, is charged with the murder, and by the time Masuto gets home, her trial is about to begin. It's obvious to Masuto that she is not guilty—she told the police at first that the man in the tub was not her husband. But the big company Mackenzie worked for and some mysterious people in Washington, D.C. want her to be tried for her husband's murder. When he takes up the case, Masuto suffers a couple of brushes with death. Cunningham (pen name of best-selling novelist Howard Fast) has concocted his most elaborate plot in this Masuto mystery. As in *The Case of the Sliding Pool* and *The Case of the Kidnapped Angel* (Mackenzie is Cunningham's sixth Masuto novel), the author has a lot of fun with this old-fashioned genre. His humble Zen cop hero has the resources to call on a giant Jewish sidekick, patience and the bravery to confront even the FBI and the CIA—if that is what it will take for him to bring the murderer to justice. (Delacorte, \$11.95)—C.G.



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People PICKS & PANS



On *Forever You* sisters Cheryl and Sharon White harmonize with their father Buck

Song

▲ FOREVER YOU The Whites

Sisters Cheryl and Sharon White and their daddy, Buck, out of Nashville, sing with a romantic, naive simplicity reminiscent of '60s folkies. This album would have been an absolute delight then. It is an absolute delight now. The three Whites take turns singing lead, though Sharon gets a turn or two more than the others. She is the wife of Ricky Skaggs, who produced this album and also plays guitar, piano, viola and fiddle. In fact, his Cajun fiddling behind Buck's vocal on the Roy Acuff standard *Jolie Blon* is a highlight of the album. Another is the lovely Harlan Howard-Brent Maher tune *Mama Don't You Know Your Little Girl*. Sharon's vocal of the up-tempo gospel tune *Living in the Name of Love*, backed by Jerry Douglas' dobro, is fun too. But then this is all pure, country music, as sweet as the sweetest bucket of fresh cream anyone could imagine. (MCA/Curb) —**Ralph Novak**

▲ PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE Depeche Mode

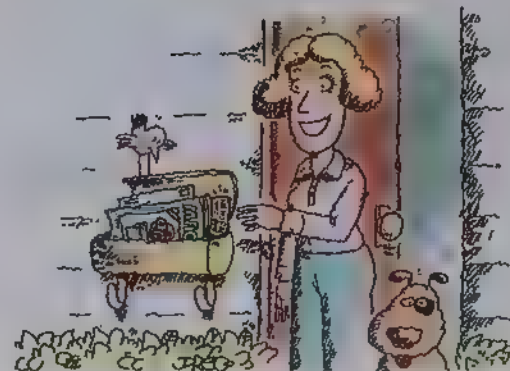
The emerging generation of technopop musicians must have been nursed on frozen formula and become jaded before they escaped the crib. How else to explain this quartet from Basildon, England, made up of young men barely out of their teens, creating music that is more nonemotional than the most avant-garde jazz? Depeche Mode, comprised of vocalist David Gahan and synthesizer players Martin Gore, Andy Fletcher and Alan Wilder, may challenge Duran Duran as a pretty-boy poster group, but they lack Duran's fire in the gut. *People Are People* is composed of music recorded over the past three years, though it does not

contain their biggest hits in the J.K.—*Dreaming of Me*, *Just Can't Get Enough* and *The Meaning of Love*. The best songs on this offering, *Love in Itself*, *Everything Counts* and the title cut, succeed because of alluring melodic hooks. As far as passion or soul, however, even these aren't much. The group's name, Depeche Mode, was lifted from a French magazine and translates more or less as "fast fashion." That image is all too close to the superficial music the quartet produces. (Mute/Sire/WB) —**David Hillbrand**

▲ THAT'S THE WAY I FEEL NOW: A TRIBUTE TO THELONIOUS MONK Various Artists

When Monk died in 1982, writes producer Hal Willner, "at all the tribute concerts attended, only musicians from the jazz world were represented. It didn't seem right." Willner, who had assembled an eclectic tribute to movie score composer Nino Rota in 1982, knew how far the waves of Monk's influence had actually spread. He began calling musicians, and this two-record set is the truly extraordinary result. Chris Spedding and, of all people, Peter Frampton whip electric guitars through the lanky melody of *Work*. Todd Rundgren marshals synthesizers and drum machines to turn *Four in One* into a kind of space-age Keystone Kops slapstick, with Gary Windo providing unlikely rainbow hues on alto sax. Each of 23 Monk tunes gets a unique interpretation. Some, like John Zorn's beeping, buzzing *Shuffle Bait*, celebrate Monk's irrepressible humor, which could be sly or guttawing. The Detroit duo Was (Not Was) puts the tune *Be-Lue-Bo-ivar-Ba-Luss-Are* in the context of a wailing and surreal New Orleans funeral march, while Mark Bingham and John Scofield on electric guitars delve into the strangely funky tension and looming dignity of *Brilliant Corners*. Jazzmen long associated with Monk have not, by the way, been

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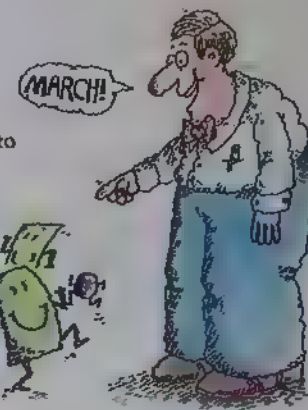


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People PICKS & PANS



Thelonic Monk's music is performed by some unexpected artists on *That's the Way I Feel Now*.

shut out of this project. The likes of Barry Harris, Elvin Jones, Johnny Griffin and Gil Evans hold their own against the more immediately ear-catching offbeat cuts. The offerings are united by their understanding of and unabashed affection for the late pianist-composer. A good example is Joe Jackson's simple piano solo and caressing big-band and string arrangement of 'Round Midnight, possibly Monk's most transcendent melody. The piece builds naturally from, and ultimately leads back to, the haunting sound of a softly struck gong. Since Joe began experimenting with jazz and other nonrock forms, this is one of the best things he has done. (A&M)—Eric Levin

▲ OUTRAGEOUS Lakeside

Dayton, Ohio seems to be a spawning ground for hot dance groups. That's where Roger Troutman keeps his funk factory, churning out records under two or three different names. The founding members of Lakeside, a nine-man band that will make you get up out of your chair—and maybe make the chair dance too—also hail from that Midwestern city. Lakeside's previous hits on the dance charts, *Pull My Strings* and *Fantastic Voyage*, were no flukes, as the group proves on its eighth album with such gyrators as *Restrictions* and the title cut. The boys in the band are slightly less satisfying on the down-tempo tunes; on ballads *Make It Right* and *Show You the Way* they sound like a pale version of Earth, Wind & Fire. And on *Wom & Torn* the verse is strikingly similar to the Chicago hit *25 or 6 to 4*. When the Lakesiders crank it up, though, they're hot as a blast furnace in July. (Solar)—D.H.

▲ TIEMPO PA' MATAR (TIME TO KILL) Willie Colón

Like his onetime protégé Ruben Blades, Colón has made some of the best-selling salsa records of all time and is headed for bigger things—specifically, a contract with RCA. This, his latest LP on the leading

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People PICKS & PANS



On the album *Secret Agent*, Robin Gibb's own enigmatic image is about as proper as you can get.

Latin label indicates why a major label would be willing to gamble on him. Colón, a 34-year-old Bronx native, is a feisty, appealing singer bright and penetrating. He maintains seemingly perfect diction in up-tempo tunes, and he's capable of gentleness and warmth in such relaxed settings as *Noche de los Enmascarados* (*Night of the Masquerade*). Colón's polished big band animates a number of Latin rhythms, including some unusual combinations such as bolero and merengue in *Noche de los Enmascarados* and plena and merengue in *El Diablo* (*The Devil*). One of the most interesting things about the band is the way its arrangers use male and female choruses for counterpoint to the lead vocal and to set up call-and-response patterns. This works especially well in *Gitana* (*Gypsy*) and in a seven-minute composition by Colón, *Callejón sin Salida* (*Dead End Alley*). In these and *Falta de Consideración* (*Lack of Respect*), Colón's penchant for intricate melodies reaches a zenith. Most of the songs tell stories in a straightforward style more akin to mainstream pop music than to the opaque messages of much progressive rock. Even for those who don't speak Spanish, though, it's easy to enjoy the sheer vibrancy and pace of the language and the way it dove tails with Colón's stimulating music. (Fania)—E.L.

▲ DIFFORD & TILBROOK Difford & Tilbrook

Squeeze, the effervescent and soulful English pop band, broke up in December '82 after a disputed final album, but its mainspring—the singing and songwriting team of Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook—remains intact and is rewound with energy. Squeeze built its considerable reputation on the danceable rhythms and sinuous, sensuous melodies. The band was always ebullient, but in its 1980-82 heyday played with a honed urgency. Now Difford & Tilbrook have recaptured that feeling while developing further their ornate and fluid sense of melody. In fact, the shape and feel of melodies such as *Love's Crushing Waves* are almost inseparable from the character of Tilbrook's slippery, glistening voice. He can loop and swoop anywhere in his range as he does to lingering effect at the end of *Man for All Seasons*. The duo's debt to soul and funk is obvious, but they refresh rather than rehash. Lyrics are loveliness creative if a little too elusive, but at least there is identifiable subject

matter. Mostly it's relationships, but the jaunty *Wagon Train* describes a plane ambush following which "not even the wind from the rocks is left breathing." Good line. Good album. (A&M)—E.L.

▲ SECRET AGENT Robin Gibb

It would be misleading to call this a solo album. As almost everyone knows, the Australian fauna known as the Brothers Gibb, with the exception of Andy, travel in a pack. On *Secret Agent*, Maurice helped out with the producing, songwriting and singing chores, as well as on keyboards, but it matters not. Robin ain't rockin'. There are some clever moments harmonically on *Boys Do Fall in Love* and *Live in Another World*, but every time he music seems about to approach take-off speed, it thuds back onto the runway. The title via remind some of Johnny Rivers' 1966 theme song from the cult TV series *Secret Agent*. That song was everything that Robin's *Secret Agent* is not—raucous, rough-edged and memorable. (Mirage) D.H.

▲ ROCK-IT TO STARDOM The Legendary Stardust Cowboy

So how do you even start to explain "the Legendary Cowboy"? Norman Carl Odam was discovered in 1968 in a talent contest at a Lubbock, Texas, radio station. He was playing guitar and bugle and screaming the words to a song called *Paralyzed*. Sample lyrics: "I went to the refrigerator/Hungry as an alligator/Opened the door and what did I see./I saw my baby staring right back at me./I was paralyzed, paralyzed." T Bone Burnett produced the first single of Odam singing *Paralyzed*, and it hit the pop charts as well as instant cult status. Then the ledge (as he calls himself) more or less dropped from sight, working as a waiter. What followed was this terrific album, complete with a revision of *Paralyzed*. There are great new songs too, with screaming Odam vocals, backed up by the superb LeRoy Brothers band. The ledge has said that all he's interested in is the Old West and space exploration ("Everything in between is garbage"), and it shows up on this album in such frontier-oriented songs as *Cactus* and *Cast-Iron Apron*. This is the guy after whom David Bowie patented his Ziggy Stardust persona. (Amazing Records, PO Box 26265, Fort Worth, Texas 76116)

—Chet Filipo

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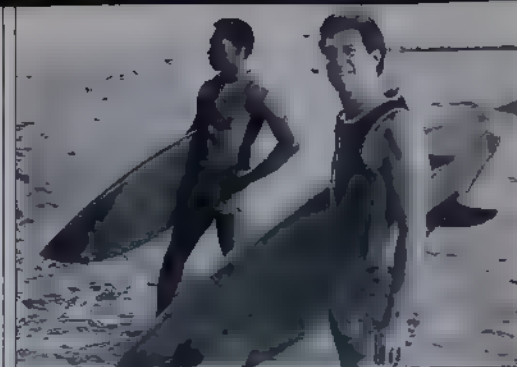
Take One BY LEAH ROZEN

Robert De Niro may have been happy to put on 60 pounds to play pugilist Jake La Motta in *Raging Bull*, but **Shelley Long** was not about to ruin her lissome figure for her scenes as a depressed, overweight house-slug in *Irreconcilable Differences*, her new movie with **Ryan O'Neal**. Even if she'd really wanted to pork up, she couldn't have, since she had only 10 days to lose the weight again before resuming work on NBC's *Cheers*. So, for her pudgy scenes, Long donned a padded suit, inserted special "cheek pampers" designed by an L.A. dentist and greased her hair. "They still don't think looked bad enough, so they put a cold sore on my lower lip," she says. "This is not your basic glamour shot." More glamorous is Long's new romance on *Cheers*. Having broken up with bartender Sam (**Ted Danson**) at the end of last season, Long's character, Diane Chambers, opens this season by bringing round to the bar a psych atrist boyfriend (played by newcomer **Kel-**

sey Grammer). Long describes his character as "a male Diane, but even more exaggerated. He's quite a stuffed shirt, but he does it with great style."

On a recent Saturday afternoon, st.n worshipers at a beach in Venice, Calif. were startled to find **Joe Piscopo** and **Eddie Murphy** striding through their midst. The two, dressed in bathing suits that matched their surfboards, were doing a scene for Piscopo's upcoming HBO special. Every time they got near the water's edge, however, Murphy turned heel and fled before the waves could catch him. "Eddie can't stand the water," laughed his manager. Murphy eventually went in up to his ankles and emerged exuberantly crying "Exhilarating!" Later the director told Murphy and Piscopo to get closer together for a shot. The two quickly linked hands. That's how rumors get started.

Olympic high jumper **Dwight Stones** clears the bar with ease, but clear



Eddie is no Murph the Surf during a special with Joe Piscopo.

ance from wife **Linda** is another matter. Photographer **Christie Jenkins**, a self-described "old flancée" of **Stones**, was shooting him in a G-string and tank top for her 1985 calendar celebrating the buns of male celebrities. Jenkins says **Stones'** wife insisted that the photo session be held in their garage rather than Jenkins' studio so that she could keep an eye on the goings-on. Other celebrities bringing up the rear: canceled TV host **Alan Thicke** in hockey shorts and Olympic gold medal winner

Scott Hamilton in his skating pants, hands demurely clasped behind him.

Rocker **Pat Benatar** and husband **Neil Giraldo**, her lead guitarist, are expecting, but Pat isn't ready to start crooning any lullabies yet. She just rushed into a Los Angeles studio to shoot four tough-looking videos from her album *Painted Desert* before she pops out of her black leather pants. Although Benatar was only two months preggers, her costumer reports, "We still had to let everything out a little."

This week's shaggy dog story: **Rex Smith** takes his pit bull terrier, whose extended moniker is **Pal-o-mne Dupont Smith** with him every day to the set of *Streethawk*, the singer-actor's new ABC series. "He's not in any scenes yet," reports Smith, "which is too bad because it's about time he started earning his own food." The dog has no union card but has been accompanying Rex to work (*Pirates of Penzance*, *Solid Gold* and *Human Comedy*) since Smith acquired him as a puppy four years ago. "He has better manners than half the people on the set," Rex cracks.





Actor John Hurt (grasping Burton's shoulder during the making of *1984*) was visiting Richard in Switzerland the weekend he died.

As the ambulance sped through the driving rain and thunder last Sunday morning in Célligny, a Swiss village on Lake Geneva, few of the 620 townspeople could know that it was carrying their most famous citizen. They knew Richard Burton, of course. In the 28 years that he had lived in the modest white stucco villa with grounds that sloped down toward the lake, they had met his four wives and a succession of other beautiful women in his company, they knew when he was drinking and when he was not; they

heard of his professional triumphs and flops, they had followed the gaudy scandals besmirching his public image. He did not stay secluded behind the wrought iron fence and the hand-carved sign that reads "Pays de Galles" (Wales). He'd had his children baptized in the Swiss Protestant church on the village square and for years had taken them for walks in the leafy narrow streets. He had dined often in the two village restaurants. And he had even selected a place in the Célligny cemetery where, on Aug. 9, he

was scheduled to be buried.

Two nights before he was stricken, Burton had dined at the Café de la Gare with his fourth wife, Sally Hay, and actor John Hurt, who was staying with him for what was fated to be the last weekend of Burton's life. By their affection, their admiration and even by their silence, the townspeople of Célligny telegraphed a fact strangely unrevealed during the long public lifetime of Richard Burton. Drunk or sober, he was never mean. He never forgot the small-town boy in himself, and he

never evaded the small-town people in his life.

On Sunday afternoon at the villa's white gate, Hurt, Burton's co-star in his last movie, *1984*, announced that Burton had died of a massive stroke. Inside the three-bedroom converted farmhouse, which has a library larger than the cottage where Burton was born, Sally was telephoning Pontrhydfen, Wales, to summon the seven surviving siblings of his original dozen. A shocked Hilda Owen, who had been singing Welsh hymns in chapel when

CONTINUED

People

August 20, 1984

RICHARD BURTON

Lover, drinker, scholar, friend—after 58 troubled years the curtain falls on a brilliant actor's life



BY RUSSELL CLARK/PIRELLA



she learned the news called Burton "a marvelous brother, looking after us all. We were a very close family and he was so very, very generous." During a two-week stay with the Burtons last Easter Owen said, "we had lunch with Sophia Loren, and then we went to see Roger Moore, and, of course, we were eating out in different hotels. We had a fantastic time. I've never seen him looking better." Burton's brother David, whom the actor treated to a Caribbean trip after his wife's death last year, remembered, "I will treasure that forever. He treated us like kings and queens. He never forgot where his roots were and he would never deny his humble background." Added his brother Verdon, "Richard had a deep longing to be with his family and friends in familiar surroundings—in Wales we call it *hiraeth*. The older he got, the stronger his longing became."

The *hiraeth*, too, might have been a desire for stability in a life where all the elements—marriage, career, health—were never certain from one year to the next. Ironically, death came to Bur-

ton at a time when he had gotten his mercurial persona under some kind of control. He had been married for 13 months to Sally, a 36-year-old former BBC production aide, who watched his food and drink and guarded his failing health. He had found immense satisfaction filming a miniseries (CBS' *Ellis Island*, to be aired this winter) with his actress-daughter Kate, 26, of whom he was intensely proud. (On the last day of filming Burton had asked a network exec. with his usual, irresistible charm, "I'm just a father, so my opinion doesn't count, but isn't she awfully good?") He had just wrapped his role in the British movie *1984*, which, said director Michael Radford, was only the eighth of the 50-odd Burton films that he really wanted to see.

"He took the part very seriously, in a way he had not taken a film seriously for quite a long time," said 1984 producer Simon Perry. "We were worried about him when he was working with us. He wasn't ill but he seemed very frail. He didn't touch a drop and he went to bed early. He thought we were

visiting St. Peter's College, Oxford, in 1972, Burton charmed the students. He often quoted Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

ridiculously young, and he liked the idea that somehow he was involved in the new wave of British filmmaking. Richard would keep us spellbound with his stories of Victor Mature and Elizabeth Taylor, whom he referred to as E.T."

Director Radford noticed that Burton and Sally were "amazingly happy. He seemed to have settled and to come to some sort of renewal of himself. He'd entered a different phase of his life. He had a kind of elder statesman air about him." Burton accepted Radford's attempts to tone down his power onscreen. "Whenever I said, 'Richard, you're overdoing it a bit,' he would say, 'Oh, I'm doing a Burton.' He said, 'Listen, Michael, for 20 years I've had the most famous voice in the world. I just want to make one film without it.' The upshot is he gives a performance like he hasn't given for 20 years."

Radford put his finger on the deep



Julie Andrews, who starred with Burton in 1960's *Camelot*, was awed by his facility. "Whatever he wanted the audience to feel, they felt it."



"I'm very sad about Richard's death," said Eddie Fisher, who lost Taylor to Burton in 1964. The two men never spoke after that.

conflict that wracked Burton's life. "I think there was something in his soul that despised making movies for a living. He despised it on two levels—first as a Welshman, a miner's son, and second because he regarded stage acting as more important."

Drinking was always part of his life. His father, coal miner Thomas Jenkins, was a drunk who died in a bar at 83. Richard's mother had succumbed when he was 2, and he was raised by a married older sister.

He was 13 when he caught the notice of Philip Burton, the teacher who would become his mentor, instruct him in the classics, erase his Welsh accent (though he continued to the end to speak the language), and eventually give him his name. "I was first drawn by his brilliant mind," recalls Philip Burton. At Oxford, which Richard attended for six months on a scholarship, he distinguished himself as an actor—and a drinker who could guzzle two pints of beer in 30 seconds. He left for the war to serve as a navigator with the Royal Air Force, then returned to the stage, appearing in a 1949 production of *The Lady's Not for Burning* which later went to New York. That same year he married Sybil Williams, a Welsh coal miner's daughter who had also taken up acting, and began a dichotomous decade during which he was a respected Shakespearean actor at the Old Vic in



Burton brought *Hamlet* to Broadway in 1964. Recently he said, "I have a lust to return to Shakespeare."

London and a contract performer in the U.S. with 20th Century Fox.

In Hollywood Burton caroused with Spencer Tracy and Humphrey Bogart, with whom he shared an interest in acting—and alcohol. "I could hold my own with anybody," Burton once said, "but Spencer could really put it away. Bogle

CONTINUED



In 1981 Burton was so troubled by back pains that he dropped out of the revival of *Camelot* and had to be helped from his car.

In 1949 Burton married actress Sybil Williams. They named daughters Kate (left) and Jessica for the Bard's heroines. Jessica is mentally handicapped and institutionalized.



In 1976 he wed Susan Hunt, former wife of race car champion James Hunt. Susan promptly separated him from his drinking buddies. "Without her," said Burton, "I might easily be dead."



was more civilized. We'd meet at Romanoff's, have a bottle of wine with lunch, then brandy and Benedictine, then home for a nap, then start again at sevenish."

Though he deservedly got Oscar nominations for 1952's *My Cousin Rachel* and 1953's *The Robe* and in fact would get seven Oscar nominations in his career, Burton never won an Academy Award. After a series of mediocre films, an offer to do something different—sing—brought him to Broadway as King Arthur of *Camelot* in 1960 and made him a full-blown star. "Richard would amaze me," recalls co-star Julie Andrews. "There was a big speech and depending on his mood, he would play it for laughs or play it straight for tears. The audience reaction was phenomenal."

Though still married to Sybil and now the father of two girls, Burton was a

free and roistering spirit. Columnist Jim Bacon told of the time Burton left Sybil in a restaurant to go to the men's room, met a girl he knew at the bar and disappeared for three days with her. In 1961 when Fox summoned him to Rome to play Anthony in the \$44 million bust *Cleopatra*, Burton fell insanely in love with Elizabeth Taylor. His life changed for good, and, some would say, for bad. Burton told British columnist Roderick Mann, "A lot of Elizabeth's glamour did wash off on me, and of course my price went up, by a half million dollars a picture. But I was genuinely in love. I felt I didn't know the meaning of the word before." Over the years it became clear that the Liz and Dick saga was no ordinary dalliance. Their first marriage lasted a decade—an astonishing commitment for both of them—but their love lasted to the end, long after they were able to live

together. On the day he died Sally Hay called Elizabeth, after informing his Welsh family.

During the halcyon years from their 1964 wedding to their 1974 divorce, the Burtons epitomized glamour. He gave her a \$500,000 yacht and a \$1.2 million, 69.42 carat diamond. He brought her home to drink with the coal miners in Wales, and occasionally to Cölligny, where she was not the locals' favorite wife. (They preferred Sybil and Sally.)

Onscreen, the Burton-Taylor partnership prospered through nearly a dozen celebrated movies. Whether they were good (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*) or bad (*The Sandpiper*) the fans flocked to see a legendary couple in action.

His old friends worried. Laurence Olivier begged him to choose between "being an actor and a household word." The critics wondered why on

earth this fine actor was squandering his skills. "He never fought back, never excused himself, never said the critics were wrong," observed Mann, "because in his heart he knew they were not. I thought the marriage tore him in two. Fifty percent of him had wanted to marry Taylor, knowing that fame and fortune would accrue. The other half bitterly resented what he had done. So he drank."

The nadir for Burton came during the filming of *The Klansmen* with Lee Marvin in 1974. "That is a picture," Burton said, "I hardly recall making." And little wonder. He drank vodka on the rocks from a coffee cup by day and double martinis most of the night, recalled Jim Bacon. Elizabeth left him. He dried out but doctors told him another two weeks like that would kill him. That year, Burton said later, "I got my first hangover."

Afterward he began trying to keep his drinking down to wine at dinner and the occasional binge. His reform was convincing enough to win Liz back in 1975 for a second wedding, but their reunion lasted only a year.

Burton did not remain alone for long. Within that year he met and married model Susan Hunt. As powerfully attractive to women as he was magnetic onstage, Burton was driven constantly to new conquests. "He accepted his womanizing as he accepted his drinking problem," says Philip Burton. "But regardless of what he said publicly, he didn't like it about himself."

Susan clamped down on his drinking and encouraged him to make a Broadway comeback in *Equus*. The 1977 movie version won him his final Oscar nomination, but Burton was too wedded to his opulent life-style to maintain a high standard of acting. He played in some truly dismal films—*Exorcist II* was a horror—quite frankly for the money. "I've made more millions than I can count," he said. "But you know, it's a faerie gold—the tax people take most of it, and the rest goes to people you need to stay alive, places to live, conveyances to get from here to there."

The 1980 revival of *Camelot* was both a compliment and a trial. Crippled by bursitis and disintegrating vertebrae, Burton missed one performance because he was too dizzy from painkillers, and dropped out after nine months to have surgery. He was never robust again.

He recovered enough to do a 1982 television movie titled *Wagner*, which was important mainly because he met



Burton had just completed the CBS miniseries *Ellis Island*, in which he plays father of the bride to daughter Kate. He was to start shooting a sequel to *Wild Geese* this week.

Sally Hay on the set. The next year he agreed to play opposite Elizabeth Taylor in an ill-starred stage tour of Noel Coward's *Private Lives*. "He rashly did *Private Lives*," said his friend John Gielgud. "That was a terrible fiasco. I said to him, 'You aren't really going to do *Private Lives*, are you?' And he said, 'Well, I expect Elizabeth will make me'."

Working with Burton in *Private Lives*, actor John Cullum came to understand why he rejected the reproaches of his peers. "It finally dawned on me that Richard was not fulfilling what other

people wanted," Cullum said. "He took acting as seriously as he wanted to take it. It's easy for other people to think he was unfulfilled, but Richard was tremendously satisfied and vital."

Richard Burton battled warring demons during his 58 years: The coal miner's son sought wealth and excess, while the classics scholar demanded discipline and professional purity. "I've got the weight of a rather tempestuous life to carry," he once observed. In the end the burden was too much for even Burton's brave spirit to bear. Written by LOUISE LAGUE from bureau reports



IN THE GOLDEN AFTERGLOW 10-ACIOUS MARY LOU RETTON ATTACKS THE REST OF HER LIFE

Gold is not cheap. Did Mary Lou Retton understand this as she stood on the end of that runway, 80 feet from the horse that would launch her into gymnastic legend and change her life forever? Her eyes narrowed, her jaw set in determination, the soon-to-be superstar began her short run toward destiny. It was an image not quickly erased from memory, her powerful legs pounding toward the oddly shaped piece of apparatus, her tightly coiled 4'9", 92-pound body spinning through the air with surprising, hypnotic grace, turning, twisting. Mary Lou landed on the dark blue mat and stretched her arms upward, saluting the perfect 10.00 that locked up her all-around gold medal. Did she know where she was going, and what she would be leaving behind? Her mother had an idea. Lois Retton, 47, told a sportswriter, not without sadness, "I think maybe we've lost her."

In some ways Mary Lou's first may be the best moment she'll ever have, though she is only 16 years old. She will, of course, be rich and famous. Already she has become a cover girl on a slew of national magazines and has logged more minutes on TV than the promos for ABC's *Call to Glory*. On the economic front she's made a TV commercial for a Dallas bank and has been talking to K mart, a corporation with a tidy \$19 billion in annual sales. How much would Mary Lou's influence on those indiscriminating consumers—her fellow teenagers—be worth to K mart?

Only two days after her splendid triumph in the all-around, a few small clouds had begun to gather over Mary Lou's golden paradise. Though she collected a silver and two bronze medals in the individual events—no American woman gymnast before her had ever won so much as a single Olympic medal of any kind—Mary Lou pouted at the post-competition press conference. She felt the judges had cheated her out of the gold in the vault and implied that the American team coach, Don Peters, had failed to back her up, despite the urging of her personal coach Bela Karolyi. "I don't want to

Oh, for a dive into the pool of her Houston "parents." Says her former principal, "Mary Lou is everything you see on TV."



sound conceited or cocky, but I was shocked," Mary Lou complained. "I feel my vault was a lot more superior. I went higher and farther [than Romanian Ecaterina Szabo, who nipped Mary Lou for first]. In the finals you're supposed to throw two different vaults. She did not. [The judges disagreed.] Bela was trying to protest, but certain people wouldn't. I stuck mine, she did not." Said certain person Peters, "Mary Lou did not stick." (For those who were in a coma during the TV coverage of the gymnastic events,

Retton soaked up applause the night her team won the silver—and she was ready for more. "I'm going to love it," she said.

"to stick" means to land perfectly.) And then there's the old question: Can you go home again? For the past 19 months Mary Lou has been living with a surrogate family in Houston—the better to train with Bela—far from her parents in Fairmont, W.Va. Says her mother, "I'd love to see her come home and finish high school, and decide about college. She's only 16. I don't want her to quit gymnastics. I

want her home. It's one thing to be away from 14 to 16. But the next two years, that's something else. If they want her, they can come here."

Everybody knows that's not likely to happen. In the real world Mary Lou's parents are thinking about renting an apartment in Houston so that they can see her more frequently than the once every six weeks they managed before the Olympics. As Fairmont's Rev. Colombo Bandiera, a longtime family friend, so succinctly puts it: "I feel bad that it will take her away from all of us. But in all honesty, there's nothing in Fairmont for her anymore. I don't see how she could be happy here."

Contemplating just a short post-Olympics visit home, Retton said, half sadly, half reluctantly, "I haven't been there since last October. I guess I owe my parents something."

By the time the late afternoon sun began setting over Fairmont last week, knots of Retton fans were already clustering along Route 73, the winding country road that leads from the interstate to Clarksburg's Benedum Airport. Shortly after 7:30, as Mary Lou stepped from an Allegheny commuter plane onto the tarmac of Benedum, a

roar went up, flags and gold ribbons were waved and a huge gold and white banner—"Go For The Gold Mary Lou"—fluttered in the breeze.

After ducking into the airport building for a few moments, Mary Lou emerged with her parents. Waiting for her were friends, relatives (including Grandpa Sam) and a white Buick Riviera convertible. Also keenly anticipating her arrival was West Virginia Governor Jay Rockefeller, who posed with her for the newsfolk, kissed her and told her that she was indeed "the greatest thing ever to happen to the state of West Virginia."

At the town border, following a jubilant 13-mile procession down the interstate, Mary Lou was transferred from the convertible to a waiting fire truck Fairmont's finest, Engine No. 1. She perched alone in the truck's high basket—her experience on the balance beam standing her in good stead here—which was decorated with red, white and blue crepe paper.

After a raucous parade of three hours, she finally reached her home on Beverly Street (now unofficially "Mary Lou Retton Road," according to a pale blue banner strung above the street), where neighbors waited six deep. Fa-

ther Ronnie and mother Lois, carrying plastic tourist bags from L.A., red roses and wilted potted chrysanthemums, stepped from the convertible and, in the blue light of a police flasher, embraced relatives and watched Mary Lou's disembarkation from the fire truck. "She's exhausted," said Ronnie, looking none too rested himself. "She didn't get any sleep at all last night."

Two policemen escorted her down the sloping front lawn to her door. Later a cop said that security had been a concern because of a telephoned death threat against Mary Lou "from some woman, a nut, who doesn't live too far from here." But knowing nothing of this, the golden girl turned once to wave to the crowd and closed the door behind herself. At least for a while, Mary Lou was home.

Forgotten was the post-gold-medal frenzy, when fans stole the Retton mailbox and even clumps of grass from the front yard. Now she was back in the bedroom she once shared with sister Sharl, 21, also a gymnast, and the bearer of the Olympic Torch through Fairmont. (Mary Lou also has three brothers, 17 to 23.) One wall is covered with Mary Lou's gymnastic ribbons, mostly blue, and on another is a cast

from an old wrist injury autographed by idol Sugar Ray Leonard. The walk-in closet is crammed with memorabilia including a laundry basket full of fan letters. Among her possessions is an autographed picture of her only true love, Matt Dillon. "No time for boy-friends now," Mary Lou says. "Boys can wait... but not too long." The room also houses her collection of stuffed toy lambs—except the one she never abandons, a tattered companion whose ear she used to suck when she was a baby.

The separation from her family was "very hard at first," Mary Lou says. But it was fated from the first time Karolyi spotted Mary Lou at a meet in Salt Lake City, and she begged to go off and train with him. At first her parents refused, saying she was too young. "We held her back a year," says Lois, "but we just knew that she'd gone as far as she could go here. After meets she'd come home crying, saying, 'But Mom, I could be the best!'" She is still their little girl—so little, in fact, that Ronnie (a former class AA shortstop on a Yankee farm team and now the co-owner of an electrical cable company) says that although Mary Lou is eager to get her driver's license, "she'll have to sit on a cushion,

she can't even reach the gas pedal."

But the separation from home, Mary Lou says, is "all worth it. If I hadn't gone, I would never be where I am today." In Houston she got to train with Karolyi, the Romanian coach who masterminded Nadia Comaneci and Szabo and then defected to the U.S. in 1981. Despite her intense desire to train with Karolyi, Mary Lou never handed him a blank check. Before leaving for Houston, she had vowed to her mother, "He's not going to make me into a robot. If he thinks that, he's got another think coming." Instead he made Mary Lou—"Leetle Body" to Transylvanian Bela—into a champ.

Retton is special to Karolyi for many reasons—her charm, her powerful body (which led her friends to tease her with affectionate nicknames like Hips and Chicken Legs) and her drive. "She never has to be pushed," says Bela. "If I ask her to try something one more time, the kid never says, 'I'm too tired' or 'I'm having a bad day.' Never ever. It's always, 'Yes, let's go!'"

Of course this willingness to submit to Karolyi's kind of schedule—an average of four hours a day, seven days a week, almost every week of the year—requires some sacrifices. Like a nor-

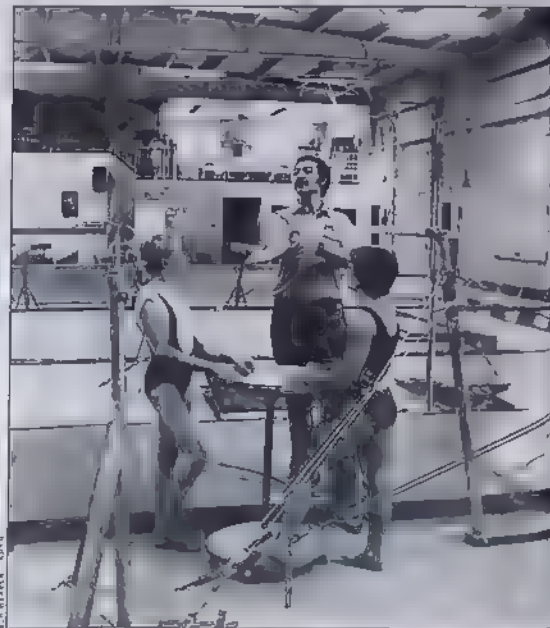
mal education. Though she has taken correspondence courses, she has fallen behind her ex-classmates back in Fairmont. "It's very difficult to practice as much as we do and try to keep up with schoolwork," explains Mary Lou, who nonetheless hopes to tough out the 11th grade beginning this fall.

Nothing better demonstrates Retton's mental and physical toughness than her response to an injury she suffered two months ago. The day after she had two large pieces of cartilage surgically removed from her right knee, she was walking. The next day she was jogging. And the day after that she was back at work on the uneven parallel bars.

The injury was, Karolyi says now, "an unfortunate fortunate situation." Mary Lou's rehabilitation forced her, he claims, to concentrate on precision and helped her peak just in time for the Olympics. She drove herself, he says, "with the dedication of a tiger: 'I'm gonna make it!'"

Mary Lou made it. Now, as souvenirs of victory, she has five medals and one other memento. "I am not," she vows, "going to wash this uniform."

DEIRDRE DONAHUE, JACK KELLEY and SUSAN SCHINDEHETTE



Ronnie and Lois Retton (outside their home) parted with their daughter so that she could work with coach Bela Karolyi, who also trains medalist Julianne McNamara (above, left).



The conquering heroine gets a glad-hand from Governor Jay Rockefeller on her return to West Virginia.

THANKS TO MODERN ELECTRONICS, THE PRESIDENT'S HEARING SEEMS TO BE RIGHT ON THE BUTTON

During a press appearance at his California ranch two weeks ago, Ronald Reagan was asked if there was anything he might do to get the Soviets to return to arms-control talks. The President paused but did not reply; the reporter, who was several feet away, repeated the question. Standing next to her husband, Nancy Reagan lowered her head and, hardly moving her lips, muttered the words, "Doing what we can." With her cue, the President then responded: "We're doing what we can."

In May, at a news conference for foreign TV networks, the President amiably urged reporters, "Don't hesitate to speak up. Even with this button in my ear, I, uh . . ." Then he laughed.

It is no secret that Ronald Reagan's hearing is impaired. For almost a year he has worn a marble-size hearing aid tucked in his right ear, for which he has absorbed a measure of ribbing—mostly good-natured. Occasionally he's even joked about it himself.

Still, the question of the President's hearing has been a matter of concern around the White House. Because of the "old-age stigma" attached to hearing-aid wearers, the last thing a 73-year-old President up for reelection needs is something to call attention to his accumulation of anniversaries.

The President is among 18 million Americans who suffer some degree of hearing loss. But while 40 percent of those whose hearing is impaired are 65 or older, age has nothing to do with Reagan's difficulties, according to Dr. John William House, a Los Angeles specialist who has treated him since 1979. The President's impairment, he says, dates to his early Hollywood days, when a .38-caliber blank was fired too close to his right ear on the set of the 1939 film *Code of the Secret Service*. The cochlea (inner ear) was damaged. Dr. House, who concedes that the President has not been tested in a year, describes Reagan's hearing loss as "moderate—a 35 percent impairment" in the right ear, with Reagan's left ear in the normal range. Until recent technological advances, says House, there was no hearing aid that suited the President's particular prob-



In June Reagan cupped his good left ear to catch a reporter's remark.

lem of hearing the higher frequencies.

Washington Post columnist Lou Cannon claims to have been the first to report on Reagan's hearing difficulties. "During the 1980 campaign his people jumped all over me, saying I was taking cheap shots at him," recalls Cannon, insisting that the hearing of a President is an issue of legitimate public concern. Later there were reports of President Reagan turning up the TV sound

to almost unbearable levels and of White House aides speaking so loudly to be heard that conversations sounded like arguments. The U.S. Chief of Protocol, Selwa ("Lucky") Roosevelt, who is also partly deaf in her right ear, has been relieved to find herself placed to the left of the President on receiving lines. That way, she explains, a military aide announces the names of approaching guests into her good ear

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41



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At their ranch this month Nancy Reagan coached her husband under her breath when he failed to hear a question.

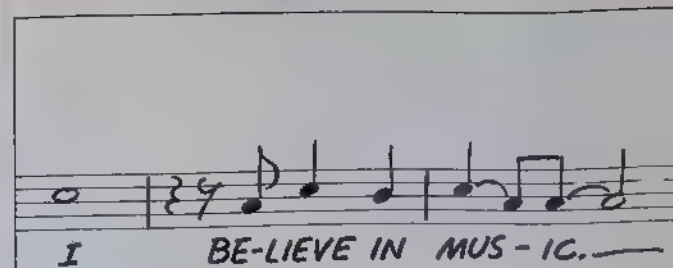
and she, in turn, passes on the names to the President into his good ear.

Last September the President was first spotted wearing his hearing aid, a battery-powered, intracanal model, one of two given him by the manufacturer, Starkey Laboratories Inc. of Minneapolis (retail price: \$1,500 each). Now, White House correspondents note that instead of saying "What?" to every other question, Reagan may miss only every 10th or 12th question.

Newsmen can well understand how the President can bobble a question yelled at him from across the White House lawn while a waiting helicopter is revving up. But many are skeptical of Reagan's claim that the domed ceiling of the Oval Office presents an acoustical problem. "There's something funny about this room, where, if you're sitting there out under the dome, it's hard to hear," he has reportedly explained. Some have wondered if it isn't all a clever ploy to play for time before answering a hard question or, perhaps, to avoid answering a sticky question altogether. Most White House veterans doubt that Reagan is being evasive. "It isn't like that with Reagan," says one reporter. "He doesn't get conveniently deaf like Averell Harriman, who used to turn down his hearing aid."

Hardly anyone in Washington claims that Reagan's hearing problem has hindered him in any significant way. As time passes, he seems less self-conscious about it. He makes joshing references to his hearing device by saying, "Gee, I thought I had this turned on." Dr. House says the President told him he is so comfortable with his hearing aid that he has even worn it—forgetfully—into the shower. And on one occasion when a reporter shouted, "How's your hearing?" an unruffled President deliberately cupped his hand around his ear, flashed a wide grin and shouted back, "WHAT?"

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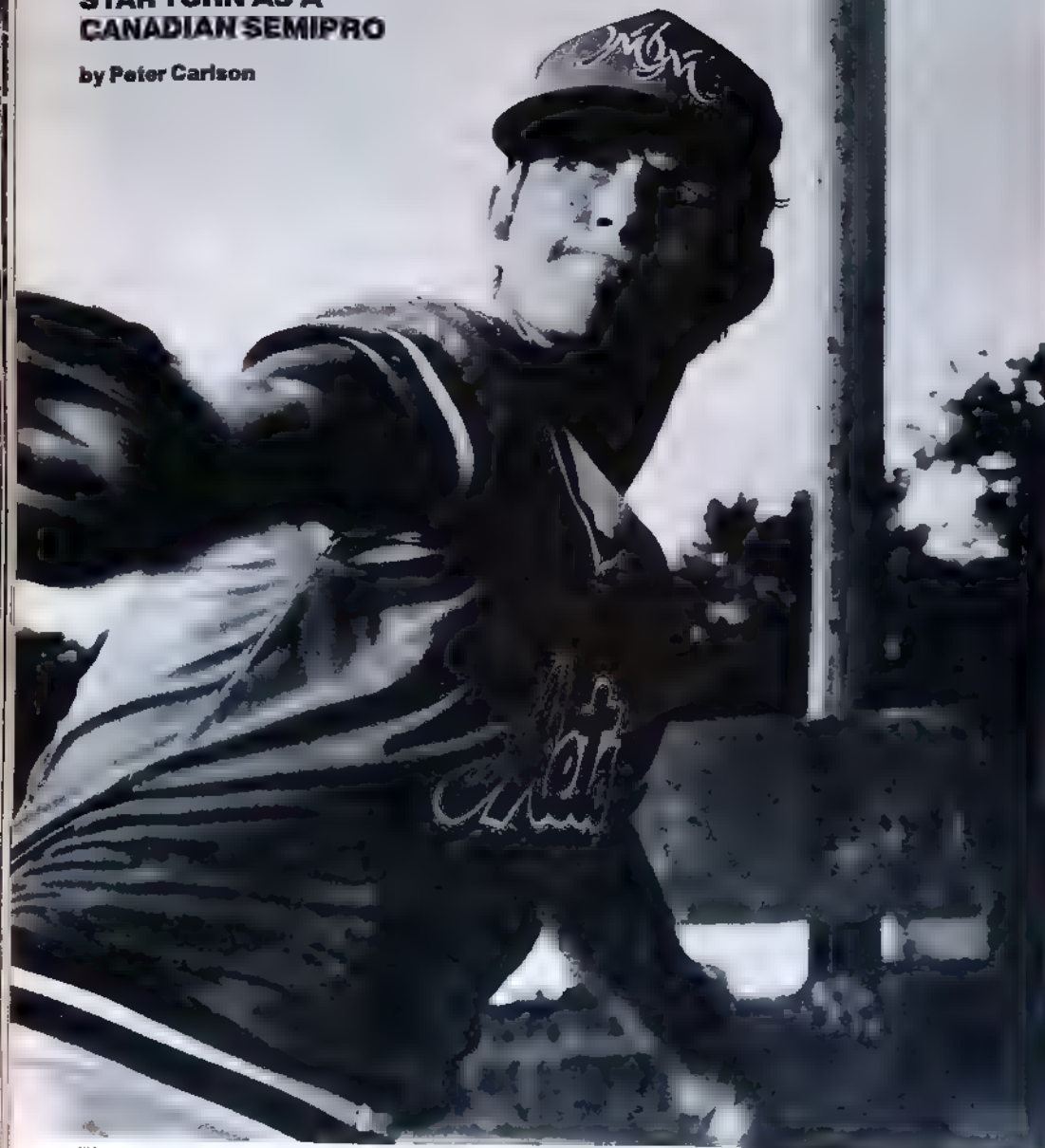
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Sequel

BILL (SPACEMAN) LEE TAKES HIS LAST STAR TURN AS A CANADIAN SEMIPRO

by Peter Carlson



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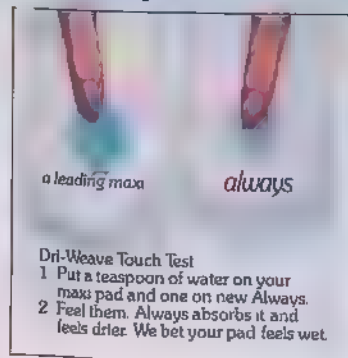
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Sequel

The raspy, tin voice of the public address system barked across a sun-bathed baseball diamond in Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada, "... and pitching for the Moncton Mets: No. 37, Bill Lee!" At that, the crowd—838 paying customers and a few hundred kids admitted gratis—lustily cheered the chance to watch a legend in action. At 37 years of age, Lee is renowned not only for a very respectable major-league record—119 wins and 90 losses in 13 seasons with the Boston Red Sox and the Montreal Expos—but also for his bizarre off-the-field behavior and acerbic off-the-wall comments that have earned him the nickname "Spaceman." Lee's controversial career has been widely chronicled. He is the subject of a rock song by Warren Zevon, a Canadian documentary film and a recently published autobiography, *The Wrong Stuff* (Viking, \$15.95), which was hailed by the *Washington Post's* reviewer as "the funniest baseball book in nearly a decade and a half."

But fame and good blurbs don't win ball games, even in the New Brunswick Senior Baseball League, and Lee promptly pitched himself into a corner. He walked the first hitter, then threw two consecutive balls to the second batter. At that point, Lee—who seems to relish getting into trouble just for the pleasure of wiggling out of it—had the Woodstock Shiretowners right where he wanted them. Using his arsenal of curveballs, junkballs, change-ups and oh-so-slowballs, he struck out the second and third batters, then got the clean-up hitter on an easy grounder. Before the sweltering afternoon ended in a spectacular blazing sunset, Lee had fanned 13 Shiretowners en route to a 2-1 victory, his seventh win against only one loss. The Spaceman may be traveling in a lesser orbit these days, but he is still flying high.

Lee believes that he can still pitch well enough to win in the big leagues. But he harbors little hope that he'll get another chance. "They don't want me because I'm a bad boy," he says. And he's right: Lee is a born rebel with a congenital inability to hold his tongue, a combination that did not endear him to the bosses and the bureaucrats of baseball. He called his Red Sox manager, Don Zimmer, a "gerbil" and was imprisoned in the bullpen. He joked that he liked to sprinkle marijuana on his morning pancakes. And, "Parents

soner Bowie Kuhn fined him \$250. Then in May 1982, when the Expos abruptly released his teammate and friend Rodney Scott, Lee went on a wildcat sympathy strike, quitting the stadium to drown his sorrows in a Montreal bar. That was the Spaceman's final flight: the Expos released him the next day. Despite his abilities, no major-league team has picked him up.

He professes no regrets. "It takes guts to speak out," he says. "I'm basically an honest person. When they dump on people, I don't let them get away with it. Economics wasn't the underlying factor in my life, honesty was. And they didn't like that. You saw *The Natural*. They didn't want Roy Hobbs around. They knew the guy was a troublemaker from the beginning and they wanted to control him."

Despite his exile from the big leagues, Lee refuses to give up the game. In 1982 he played softball on an Indian reservation in Canada and baseball with a semipro team called the Longueuil Senators. "I always said I would play baseball for nothing," he wrote in his engaging autobiography "and this proves it." Last winter he pitched for the La Grosse Pointe Tiburones in Venezuela, and in the spring he got a call from some strangers who wanted to form a semipro team in Moncton and thought the Spaceman might serve as a drawing card. Lee, who is receiving deferred payments of \$20,000 per year for the next eight years from his Expos contract, was not difficult to convince. "He told us I

don't need a lot of money but I've got a family to feed and I need housing," says Jim Keefe, the president of the Moncton Mets. "So we took care of that. He's getting \$500 a week and expenses."

Lee is more than satisfied with the arrangement. "I'm doing this because I'm a ballplayer and I always have been, and it would be an unjustified waste if I gave up now and tried to be something else," he says. That is his serious answer. Then he grins. "Besides, I'm addicted to pine tar."

Moncton's Kiwanis Park is a long way from the bright lights of the big leagues. It's a small-town ballpark where the cramped locker room has no showers, where local kids throw crabapples at the visitors' dugout, where the boys in the press box hide their beers beneath their chairs so as not to corrupt Canadian youth, where even the PA announcements are quaintly provincial: "Star Industries offers a complete line of janitorial supplies..." Lee has learned to love the place. "I'm playing more ball here than I did with the Expos," he says. "I'm not just specializing in pitching, I'm playing left field and first base and hitting. I'm getting in excellent shape to go elk hunting or mountain climbing or to play winter ball."

Lee has settled into a rented house about ten miles outside of Moncton with his second wife, Pam, 24, and his children by a first marriage that ended in divorce—Michael, 14, Andy, 9, and Caitlin, 7, who live with their mother in

CONTINUED

Between innings Lee consults with his wife, Pam. "She spoils you to death," he says.





Lee explores the natural wonders of New Brunswick's rocky shore with his children (from left) Michael, Andy and Caitlin.

the United States during the winter. Together, Lee's brood is thriving on a regimen of baseball, bicycling, swimming and fishing. "The necessities of life, I think, are sports and fishing," the Spaceman philosophizes. "Fishing provides protein for your family and sports burns off that protein. It's a circle."

Life in Moncton has mellowed Lee. In the big leagues he was a carouser with a particular fondness for beer and rye whisky. Now, Pam complains that her husband is becoming an old fuddy-duddy. "Bill never wants to go out," she laments. With a shrug, Lee admits that he is no longer a big-league partier: "I'm getting too old for that."

After a sleepy summer in New Brunswick, Lee has even mellowed so much that he is—perish the thought—getting along with his bosses. Mets' manager Pete Seaver, who also coaches at Brown University, credits Lee with helping to develop real ballplayers out of a collection of college students, teachers, construction workers and salesmen. "He's made pitchers out of guys who were just throwers," Seaver says, "and he's helped them with their hitting, too." Jim Keefe is also impressed with Lee's intensity. "He does everything as if he's playing in the final

game of the World Series," says the team president, "and it's not phony, it's genuine."

Of course, the Spaceman couldn't live without getting into some kind of trouble. In Moncton, though, his confrontation came not in the general manager's office, but in a cow pasture. One day Lee was driving to a local fishing hole with his wife and kids when his angler's license blew out of the car window and into a field full of waiking beef. Glad in hip boots, he hopped a fence and chased after the fluttering license. Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he spotted an angry bull, head down and charging. "I'm bending over and trying to pick up the license, and it keeps bowing away from me," he says. "Finally, I grabbed it and dove over the fence just as the bull runs right by me. I got a standing ovation from everybody in the car."

Be it raging bulls or baseball bureaucrats, Bill Lee always seems to be running one step ahead of the horns—and enjoying every minute of the chase. □

Lee likes to coach the local kids. "I teach 'em to stretch," he says with mock seriousness, "and I sit 'em in a lotus position until their concentration gets better."



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GLORIA KATZ AND WILLARD HUYCK'S BEST DEFENSE AGAINST CRITICS IS THEIR SCREENWRITING TRACK RECORD

Couples



Indiana Jones' sidekick in the Katz-and-Huyck-scripted movie is named for their aged collie, Short Round.

When screenwriters Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz first moved in together in 1967 they got separate phones so her parents wouldn't know what was going on. Their relationship and technology have both made progress. Two years of cohabitation and 15 years of marriage later, Huyck and Katz now have separate screens on their word processor. But only one keyboard. "Gloria comes from a generation of women who never learned to type because they were afraid they'd be stuck being secretaries," explains Willard, 39. "So I feed the information in, we each see it immediately and start to play with it."

Their playing has clearly paid off. As

collaborators the pair have shared credit on 12 screenplays, six of which have been filmed, including *American Graffiti*, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* and their most recent release, *Best Defense*. In Hollywood, batting 500 is a Hall of Fame average. "We have lots of friends who make perfectly comfortable livings writing scripts that never see the light of day," says Gloria, 40.

In the Hollywood of old, writers sweated in cubicles on studio lots and rarely received screen credit. But Huyck (as in "take a...") and Katz belong to the generation of writers whose ambition is to promote their own artistic vision from start to finish, although

their latest release is surely the feeblest of arguments for total control. While its box office opening was respectable—\$15 million in 10 days—the reviews were not. Generally panned (*PEOPLE* called it "constantly offensive"), *Best Defense* stars Dudley Moore as an engineer (he blows the whistle on his company's defective tank-guidance system) and Eddie Murphy as a soldier (he rides a malfunctioning tank into battle). The film was produced by Gloria and directed by Willard, who teamed the same way on *French Postcards*, a 1979 release based on the couple's student adventures in Europe. Predictably their best defense against critics is a good of-

fense. Says Gloria, "It's very easy to be a critic and very hard to make a film." But the movie that haunts them is their 1973 horror film, *Messiah of Evil*. "It was a real bowwow," Gloria admits, though Willard adds proudly that "it appeared on a marquee in a Woody Allen film, and *Film Comment* called it 'one of the top 10 classic, overlooked horror films of all time.'"

Obviously Huyck and Katz see more of each other than the average couple in fact, Willard notes wryly, "We spend

so much time together that the only time I could have an affair would be when Gloria is showering." He contends that one reason he stays married is that "nothing in the world could be worse than having to date again."

The same chemistry that has made Huyck and Katz a successful screenwriting team carries over into their marriage. "I've never really seen them fight," says director and close friend Howard Zieff. "Gloria is a Jewish Cinderella from Beverly Hills, and Willard

is the ultimate WASP. It's one of those lucky breaks that they met."

They were introduced while both were in film school. An L.A. native, Willard was at USC because he'd known he wanted to make movies ever since he was a kid sneaking over the fences of studio backlots. In high school he borrowed \$200 from relatives to shoot a 90-minute fantasy about a delivery boy for a hospital supply house (like his own father's).

Katz grew up in Beverly Hills, the daughter of a wealthy L.A. truck-stop owner. She quit UCLA's Russian-studies program to pursue movie criticism because "the people across the hall in the film school were having more fun and looked like they were working less." Huyck came into her life at a screening of a low-budget classic, *The Wild Angels*. Willard's memory of the moment is vivid. "My friend introduced me to this girl in a miniskirt. I had just come back from Europe, and I'd never seen a miniskirt before." Gloria's is more prosaic: "I was going out with his then-best friend. I thought he was very nice, bright and shy. When I stopped seeing the best friend, Willard began looking better and better." Huyck, who uses movies as memory signposts in his relationship with Katz, remembers that they saw Andy Warhol's *Chelsea Girls* on their first date and *Rio Bravo* on their second.

At about the same time Huyck made an important friend, George Lucas. "Another friend of mine and I had made a student film, and we didn't have enough money to get the film out of the lab," says Willard. "George had a part-time job, and out of the blue he gave us the \$85 we needed." That was the first of several friendly gestures by Lucas that set Huyck and Katz on the path to a luxurious Brentwood home, complete with gardeners, nanny, maid and Willard's collection of Hindu art.

But before they collaborated with Lucas on *American Graffiti* there was a long dry spell for all three. Lucas was commuting to Los Angeles from Mill Valley, Calif. to work on his first Hollywood feature, *THX-1138*. "He'd fly down on weekends carrying a briefcase with deodorant and a change of underwear in it," Willard recalls. Lucas was kicking around the idea for *Graffiti* (a "rock 'n' roll movie," he called it), and he wanted Huyck and Katz to write it. Francis Ford Coppola, who'd just made *The Godfather*, was willing to co-

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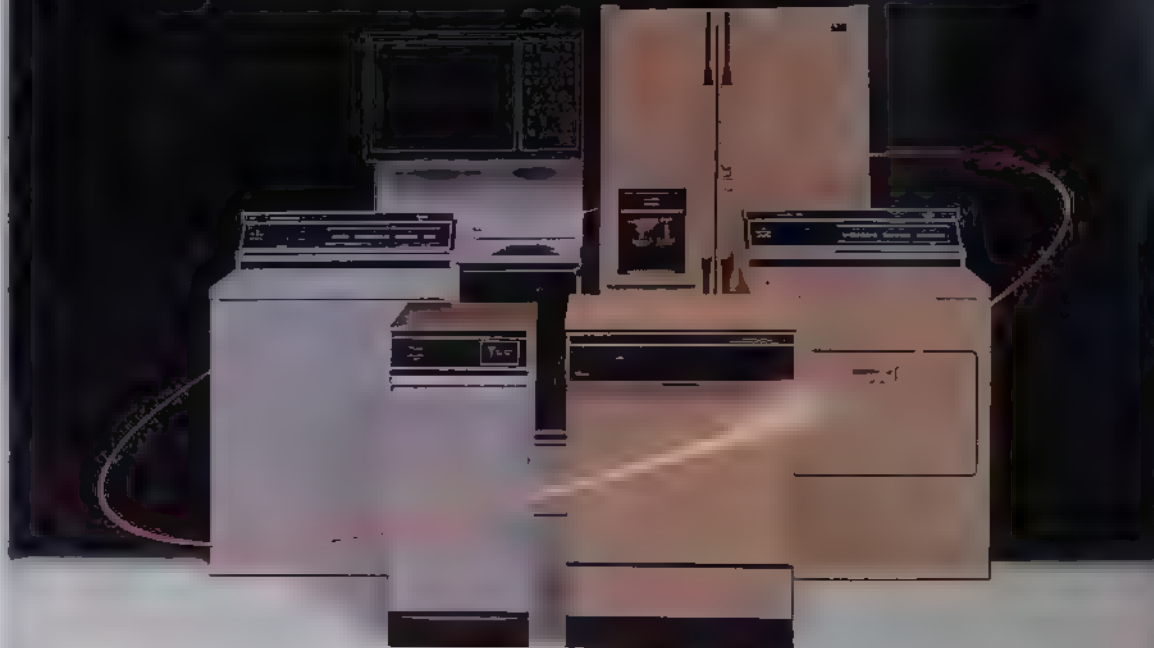


Far from the flop Huyck and Katz feared it would be, *American Graffiti* (with Ron Howard and Cindy Williams) was nominated for a 1973 screenwriting Oscar.



Says Gloria: "The violence in *Indiana Jones* [this scene with Harrison Ford and Ke Huy Quan in a pale example] was comic-book violence—not with malicious intent."

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produce, but he could pay them only \$5,200, a percentage of any profits and a chance to write a TV movie-of-the-week. That sounded fine to Willard and Gloria. He had been writing Westerns, most of which weren't being made, and reworking soft-porn scripts (euphemistically known as "Swedish medical films") that were. She had fibbed her way into a job editing educational films by exaggerating her experience.

Universal reluctantly agreed to back *Graffiti*. The movie was shot in 28 days for \$750,000, and everyone but Lucas thought the writing on the wall said F.O.P. Lucas was proved right, and the writing team's reputation was made. They got more than \$100,000 for their next script, *Lucky Lady* (a Liza Minnelli

once, and finished the first draft in six weeks.

"Discipline is the single most important thing in writing," says Katz. When they are preparing a script she and Huyck settle down to work at their art nouveau partners desk at 9 a.m. daily and bravely resist all distractions. "There are lots of them lurking about," admits Willard. "The mail is a giant one. I used to wait by the mailbox." Recently they decided it would be best to get dressed before writing. "It's more dignified than sitting around in your pajamas if people pop in," explains Willard. In addition to trading off domestic chores, they also trade top billing. In one movie Gloria's name is listed first; in the next, Willard's.

the last draft of *Indiana Jones* on the computer when Gloria went into labor. Not a man to confuse his priorities, Willard finished the printout. Then they drove to the hospital. Written by DONALD G. MCNEIL JR., reported by SUSAN DEUTSCH



Producer of *Best Defense*, Katz (on on in Israel) persuaded the Israeli to lend a few spare tanks.

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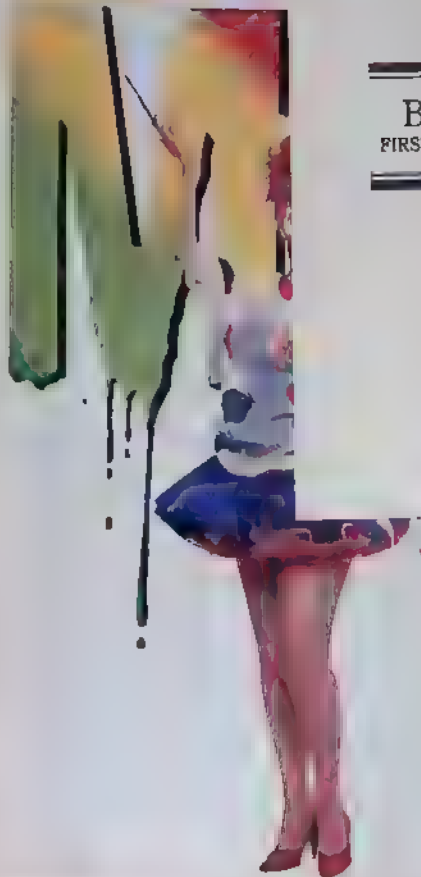
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settled on a dinner scene. "Steve and George both still react like children, so their idea was to make it as gross as possible," says Gloria. Thus the banquet of beetles, monkey brains and baby snakes was cooked up. When Willard and Gloria got back to L.A. they discovered how seriously Lucas had taken the talks: A 500-page transcript of their taped conversations arrived. Gloria and Willard began writing at

As director, Huyck dealt with Eddie Murphy, who balked at leaving his trailer one day "because of all the camel doo-doo."



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In May 1982 Steven Spielberg asked them to write *Indiana Jones*, and they moved into Lucas' home at his Marin County ranch for a four-day story conference. At this point the plot consisted of two notions of Lucas': that Indy would recover something stolen from a village and decide whether to give it back, and that the picture would start in China and work its way to India. The rest was marathon rambling. George was very single-minded about getting through meetings, says Willard, while "Steve would always stop and think about visual stuff."

The four brainstormers were temporarily stumped trying to devise a scene that would keep the audience awake while a human-sacrifice cult was explained. Huyck and Katz proposed a tiger hunt. "There's no way I'm going to stay in India long enough to shoot a tiger hunt," Spielberg said. They finally settled on a dinner scene. "Steve and George both still react like children, so their idea was to make it as gross as possible," says Gloria. Thus the banquet of beetles, monkey brains and baby snakes was cooked up. When Willard and Gloria got back to L.A., they discovered how seriously Lucas had taken the talks: A 500-page transcript of their taped conversations arrived. Gloria and Willard began writing at

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The only real interruption they've allowed in their work is their daughter, Rebecca, born 18 months ago. "She's a little miracle," her mother says. But even for miracles there's a time and a place. Willard was printing out

the last draft of *Indiana Jones* on the computer when Gloria went into labor. Not a man to confuse his priorities, Willard finished the printout. Then they drove to the hospital. Written by DONALD G. MCNEIL JR., reported by SUSAN DEUTSCH



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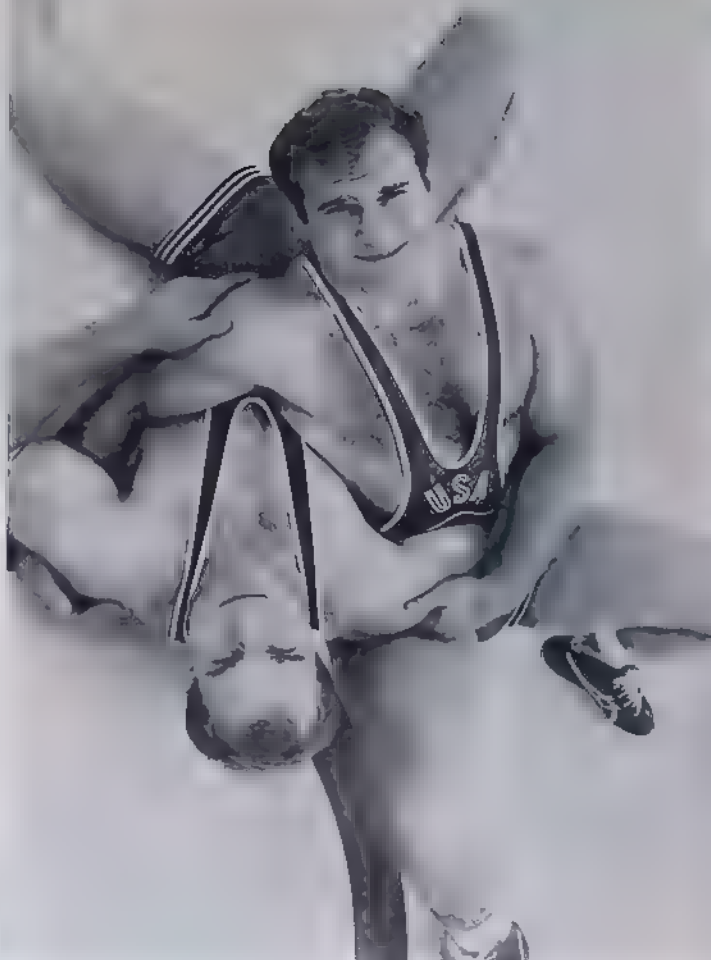




Top dog^A

Security was tight everywhere at the Los Angeles Games. Athletes, officials and press had to wear specially coded picture IDs at all times. And so did Justice, a 2-year-old, 85-pound German shepherd who daily helped guard the Olympic yachting venue in Long Beach. One of three patrol dogs on loan from the Long Beach police, Justice had his mug snapped by the authorities, along with the rest of the 17,000-member security force. The precaution, presumably, was to protect against canny canines who might try to impersonate the dogged patrolman.

DALE WITTNER



Brussels sprout[<]

One Olympian came to Los Angeles afraid—afraid to sleep alone. It was his first time away from home, and, after all, Belgian Filip Cuselaere is only 12. So the coxswain of the Belgian two-man rowing crew's ept in the team leader's room. His mother even flew in from their home in Ghent to watch Filip steer the boat and count the strokes of his rowers—the Defraigne brothers, Guy, 26, and William, 33—into defeat. The youngest Olympian, at 5'7" and 124 pounds, Filip is far from the smallest. Next time, says Guy, "he will be competing as a rower himself."

Twin towers of power^A

Fraternal twins and Olympic Village roommates Ed and Lou Banach, 24, turned heads as they readied for last week's finals. "It amazes people that two brothers, much less twins, are on the team," says Ed (right), the elder by five minutes. The only twins on the U.S. team, the Banachs, who grew up in Port Jervis, N.Y., are freestyle competitors. "We act as each other's personal coach," explains Ed. He competes at 198 pounds, big Lou at 220. That's fine with them, because if they were in the same weight class, they pipe up in unison, "One of us wouldn't be here!"



Wail of a guy^A

Real men can—and do—cry, as 248-pound Jeff Blatnick proved when he crumbled to his knees after winning the gold medal in Greco-Roman wrestling. Blatnick, 27, had dedicated the match to his brother Dave, killed in a motorcycle accident seven years ago. As tears poured down his cheeks he also acknowledged his bout less than two years ago with Hodgkin's disease, for which he underwent surgery and radiation treatment. "I'm a little embarrassed about my reaction," he said afterward. "But I don't regret it." Blatnick, from Niskayuna, N.Y., who works for a piping-construction company, relaxed with his parents and girlfriend at Disneyland two days later. "I'm going to go fishing for a few days in Minnesota to let this all sink in," he said. "Then I'm going back home to have one heck of a party with the people who helped me so much."



Marathon of agony

"The last two kilometers are mostly black. My mind wasn't working too good," said Swiss marathon runner Gabriella Andersen-Schiess, 39. She stumbled into the Coliseum some 20 minutes behind marathon winner Joan Benoit—less running than listing, dragging her left leg behind her, weaving back and forth across the track. Unwilling to touch her (and thereby disqualify her) before she crossed the finish line (in 37th place), medics then rushed to the heat-prostrated and dehydrated runner, whose temperature was over 100°. She collapsed in their arms, was treated and later put under the care of the Swiss team physicians but did not need to be hospitalized. Andersen-Schiess, a ski instructor, lives in Sun

Star Tracks



Valley, Idaho with her American husband, Dick, a resort manager, who watched anxiously from the stands. "Because of personal attachment, I probably would have tried to take her off the course," he said later, "but that doesn't mean that was right."

Her target is gold

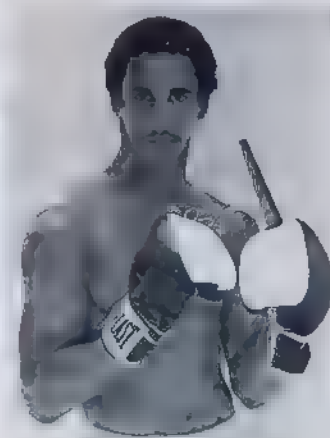
Neroli Fairhal, 39, was the only member of the New Zealand archery team unable to march in the Opening Day Ceremonies. Instead, she rolled her specially constructed armless wheelchair into the cheering Coliseum. Paralyzed from the waist down when her motorcycle plunged 70 feet over a cliff 15 years ago, Fairhal was a top-ranked equestrienne before her accident. She spent seven months in the hospital and later took up archery as part of a physical therapy program. She picked up her first medal at the 1974 Commonwealth Paraplegic Games and went on to win four national open titles. She is the first paraplegic to compete in the Olympic Games. "I'm not here as a paraplegic," said Fairhal as she practiced for her August 8 event. "I'm here as an archer."



Bearing up after a near tragedy

Even though Ed Burke failed to qualify for the medal round in the hammer throw, the memory of the 1984 Olympics will always be sweet for the Los Gatos, Calif. resident. At 44, the oldest member of the American track and field team was chosen by his 597 teammates to carry the flag in the Opening Ceremonies. Burke, who competed in the '64 and '68 Olympics, was encouraged by his family to come back

after 12 years of retirement. Comebacks are nothing new for Burke. In 1962 he quit after denting his wife Shirley's skull and injuring her eye with a freak throw during a photo session. Plastic surgery restored her face, and now, beams Ed. "She's more beautiful than ever." Shirley, 41, persuaded Ed to resume the sport four months later and became his coach. Five years later he was ranked No. 1 in the country



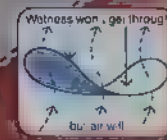
Split "ends" decision

"Boxing is rough and tough," says bantamweight Robert Shannon, 21. "Cutting hair is peaceful and relaxing." When Shannon isn't in the ring, he's working as a hairstylist in Edmonds, Wash. Shannon even snipped a few locks for fellow competitors between bouts at the Olympics. Unfortunately the 119-pound boxer's hopes for a medal were cut short when he was stopped in the third round of his second match by South Korea's Sung Ki Moon. The only member of the 1990 Olympic boxing team who didn't turn pro, Shannon stayed an amateur so that he could compete in L.A. He still plans to try his hand as a pro before hanging up his gloves in favor of a comb and scissors.

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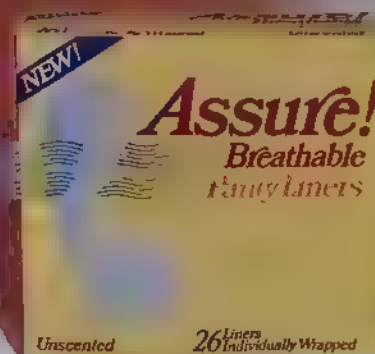
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GENE SISKEL AND ROGER EBERT
LIVE TO DISSECT FILMS—AND EACH OTHER

On the Job



At screenings the critics can't even agree on where to sit. Ebert gets up close; the lanky Siskel sprawls at a distance.

Gene to Roger (who's overweight): *Has your application for a zip code come through yet?*

Roger to Gene (who's balding): *The only things the astronauts saw from outer space were Three Mile Island and your forehead.*

Gene to Roger Yeah? *When they passed over your house, you were sunbathing in the garden and they thought they'd discovered a second moon.*

Sometimes they sound more like Ebert and Costello than Ebert and Siskel. But that only adds to the appeal of

TV's *At the Movies*, the syndicated weekly half hour during which Roger Ebert (the round one) and Gene Siskel (the lean one) dissect Hollywood's latest offerings—and sometimes each other. So successful is the combination that in L.A., where movie industry execs long for thumbs-up imprimaturs, the show airs three times a week. Altogether, 150 stations broadcast the program to an estimated 11 million viewers—popularity that translates into six-figure incomes for the critics.

Not surprisingly, media watchers wonder if the rivalry between them

isn't just a ratings-grabbing ruse. "Many journalists have tried to figure out what our relationship is," says Siskel wryly. "But none of them has ever come close. The fact is, we can't stand each other."

Perhaps more precisely, "They are two men who never would have chosen each other for friends," says Thea Flaum, who produced PBS' *Sneak Previews*, where Gene and Roger made their debut eight years ago. "They have no natural affinity for each other. But TV has forced them to find a way to work together." Indeed, when they

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Photograph by Kevin Horan/Picture Group



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On the Job

left PBS for syndication in 1982, they agreed that Siskel would get top billing for the first two years of their four-year contract, and Ebert for the next two.

It was a minor treaty in a long and continuing war. When Siskel and Ebert aren't taping *At the Movies*, which they do every Thursday afternoon, they are enemies in print. For 18 years, Ebert, 42, has toiled for Chicago's *Sun-Times*, churning out reviews and movie-based interviews and essays. Siskel, 38, writes for the arch-rival *Chicago Tribune*. "The center of our lives is at the newspapers," says Ebert. Adds Siskel, "We're professional critics first, not TV performers. We don't make jokes at the expense of the movies, like Gene Shalit, and we don't do softball interviews—turning the camera on and letting the stars talk. We're proud of our profession."

Not to mention proud of themselves. Siskel, who did not attend last May's Cannes Film Festival, boasts that he interviewed Harry Belafonte and Sergio Leone even before Roger saw their movies at the festival. Ebert complains, "He'll go to any length to scoop me. It's like he has a human being mode and a work mode." But Ebert himself is hardly laid-back. In addition to filing daily dispatches from Cannes, he produced a documentary that aired in Chicago two and a half weeks later.

Back home they run into each other at the screening room, where they see about five movies a week together. Every Monday they decide over the phone which four films they plan to review on that week's *At the Movies*. Then one of them—they take turns—orders up film clips for the program.

That's it for mutual preparation. Until they show up in the studio at 1 p.m. on Thursday, neither knows what the other will say. They launch into their banter unrehearsed. If either makes a slip, they do a retake, which may be significantly different from what went before. After all, says Siskel, "We're not actors saying the same lines over and over."

Which isn't to say they treat the show cavalierly. Though they usually spend about three hours taping the 30-minute program, they have been known to work until 8 p.m. to get it right. And if the final version of the show runs long, it's the film clips—not the critics—that get trimmed.

Ebert, the senior partner, grew up

CONTINUED

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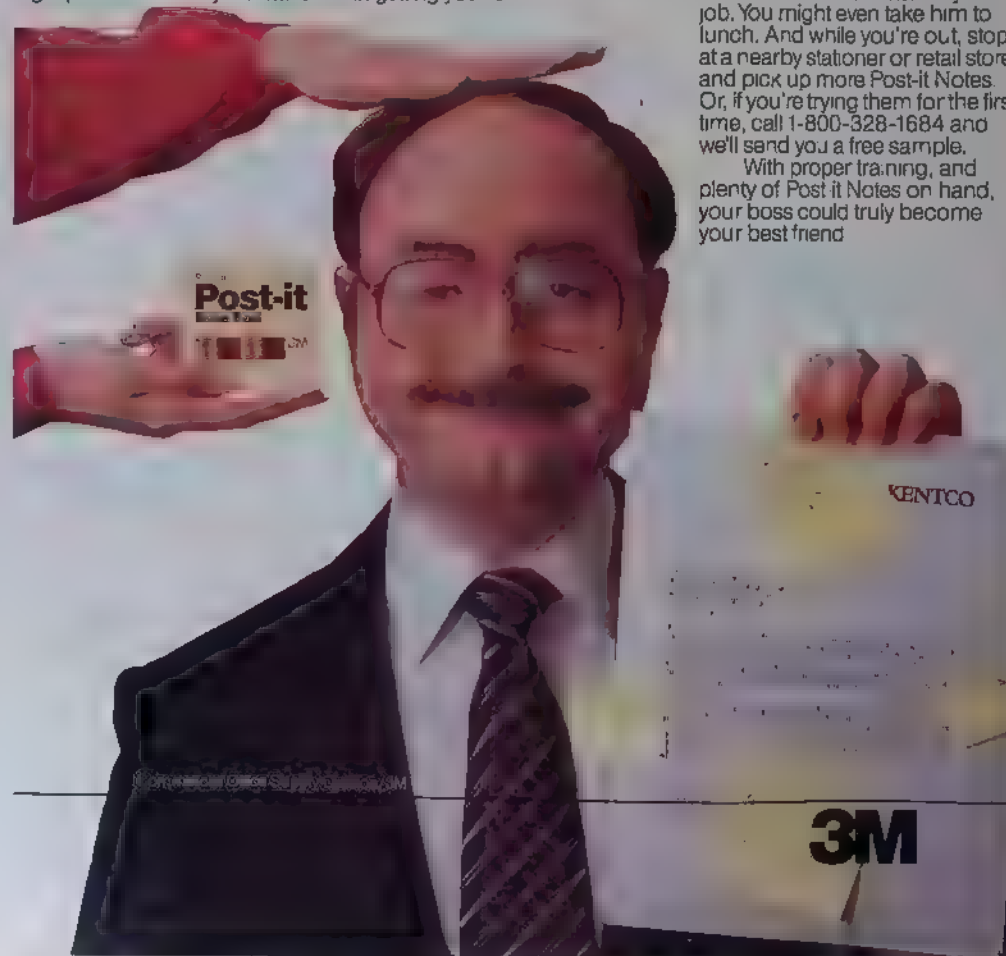
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chomping candy at the Princess Theater in Urbana, Ill. Planning to be a newspaperman, he majored in Journalism at the University of Illinois, then started on a Ph.D. before the *Sun-Times* beckoned. In 1975 he became the only newspaper movie critic ever to win a Pulitzer Prize for his craft.

Siskel was raised in suburban Glenview. He wanted to be a trial lawyer—it was courtroom dramas like *Inherit the Wind* that sparked his ambition. After studying philosophy at Yale and writing press releases in the Army, he went to work for the *Tribune*. "Part of the reason they gave me the job was to knock off Ebert," he says. "I knew he was the big gun in town. He was and remains good. In fact, he's the second-best film critic in Chicago. He's also the world's largest film critic."

The two men's habits are remarkably different. The slimmer critic is at work most mornings by 9, and for lunch Siskel grabs a quick sandwich at the Chapman Sisters Calorie Counter near the *Tribune's* ornate tower. Ebert arrives at his *Sun-Times* office at noon,

then repairs to the artsy Cliff Dwellers Club, where he belongs as much for the help-yourself deep-dish blueberry pie à la mode as for the conversation. In his younger days, Ebert, who is now on the wagon, spent his evenings holding court at O'Rourke's tavern. There, with the spirit of a wild Irish poet, a friend recalls, he would recite bawdy limericks and rail against the injustices of the world and, according to one report, young Siskel. Back then Gene was a regular visitor to the Playboy Mansion, where Hugh Hefner entertained him with an incredible collection of, er, movies.

Now Siskel is married to Marlene Giltzen, his former producer at WBBM-TV, where he covers the movie beat. They and their 11-month-old daughter, Kate, share a \$500,000, 10-room Chicago co-op. But, Siskel points out, "I drive a white Pontiac convertible with 92,000 miles on it." At the core, he says, "Roger and I are still newspapermen, and newspapermen just are not very flashy."

As for Ebert, his principal indul-

gences are a red BMW and a three-story Victorian house in the city's Lincoln Park section, which Siskel says probably cost more than his place. Ebert spends his spare time gardening, tending his kitties, Sports Fan and Orange Cat, and reading the likes of William Carlos Williams, Nadine Gordimer and Edmund Wilson. But his own writing is not quite so highbrow: In 1970 he wrote the screenplay for the notoriously campy Russ Meyer film *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*.

Siskel and Ebert rarely socialize, which Gene thinks is a good thing. "That we remain separate till airtime is better for the program," he says. Still, when Roger complained publicly that his co-star had "never even had me over to his place for dinner," Siskel broke down and invited him. So has Ebert ever asked Siskel to his place? "Not for one of those six-to-eight-people-at-a-table dinners," says Gene. "But I did go to a big cocktail party there—once." Written by FRED BERNSTEIN, reported by BARBARA KLEBAN MILLS

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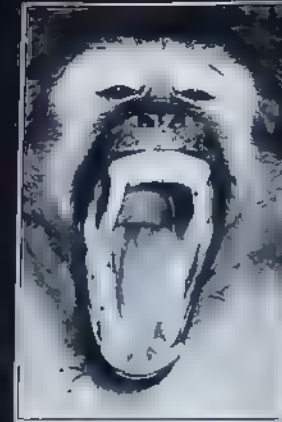


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CONTINUED



Wolf



Greater horseshoe bat



Maine Coon cat

Timber rattlesnake

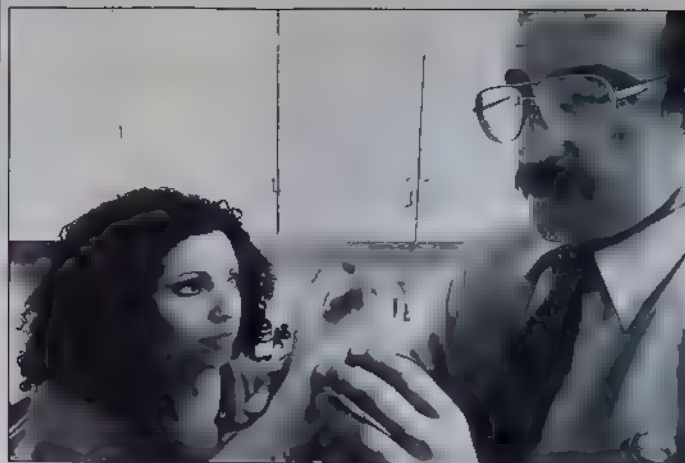


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Dr. Elie Goldstein treats Adrienne Danel, who was bitten on the hand by a cat.

Medics

is concerned that many victims don't realize that human bites often transmit more virulent bacteria than those from most animals. "People often don't seek medical attention for human bites because they can't believe they're harmful," he says. "I'd rather be bitten by a dog than a human any day."

Although nobody keeps national statistics, Goldstein thinks the incidence of human bites may be growing because of man's more aggressive behavior. "People are embarrassed to admit to being bitten," he says. "There is a deep feeling in our culture that it is barbaric and uncivilized for one person to bite another."

Goldstein made a major breakthrough in the diagnosis of infection caused by human bites while he was treating a West Los Angeles patient in 1976. The man had developed a serious infection of the hand after punching someone in the mouth. The infection resisted all conventional treatment until Goldstein discovered the presence of *Eikenella corrodens*, bacteria commonly found in dental plaque. The discovery enabled him to gather proof that in human bites *Eikenella* is a factor in causing infection. To combat it, he and others are experimenting with a new antibiotic, Augmentin.

The initial symptoms of infected bite wounds take eight to 12 hours to develop, says Goldstein. Among the most

frequent victims of human bites are muggers and their targets, battered women and abused children and dentists. Even politicians sometimes are attacked. At the Democratic National Convention last month, three delegates were bitten by a man after he had been asked to sit down during the Jesse Jackson speech. One victim required a tetanus shot and finger splint.

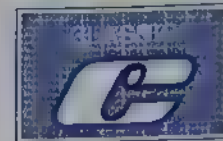
Goldstein predicts that half of all Americans will be bitten at some point in their lifetimes, "mostly by their dogs but occasionally by their lovers." In his experience love bites account for 10 percent of the human bites for which treatment is sought. The infections they cause may be difficult to diagnose because chagrined patients often don't admit how they were hurt. Goldstein recalls a case in which a 35-year-old man came to the emergency room with an abscess in his groin. A love nip, it evolved, had transmitted his girlfriend's scarlet fever to him.

Human bites can also transmit hepatitis and herpes. "We still haven't seen a case of AIDS contracted in that manner, but it's possible," he warns.

As the youngest of six children raised in the Bronx, Goldstein was encouraged by his father early on to become a doctor. But a week before he graduated from New York's Downstate College of Medicine a serious motor-

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Goldstein and live-in girlfriend Alice Vagvolgyi, 34, watch one of their three pet garter snakes lunching on goldfish.

cycle accident hospitalized him for nine months while doctors fought to save his left leg from amputation. He still walks with a cane. His experience as a patient, he says, "taught me how important it is for a physician to communicate on a caring, human level."

Goldstein, a specialist in infectious diseases, now concentrates his research at Santa Monica Hospital Medical Center and the VA's Wadsworth Medical Center. "If I were a surgeon I'd spend all my time in the operating room," he says. "But when you specialize in bites, you wind up smelling pus, culturing bacteria and searching for clues to some of the world's most perplexing microscopic mysteries."

As a bacteria sleuth Goldstein strikes an offbeat note with his discount-store clothes. "He's the Columbo of bite medicine," says microbiologist Diane Citron. Replies Goldstein, not at all adverse to the comparison with the TV plumb othesman, "I've always looked on infectious diseases as detective work."

Written by BRENDA EADY, reported by BARBARA ROWES

Coping with bites

While loath to give what he calls "TV prescriptions," Dr. Goldstein has advice on what to do if you are bitten by humans or animals.

- If the bite has penetrated the skin near a bone or joint, go immediately to a hospital emergency room or doctor's office.
- This is also true for the first indication of infection from a bite, which shows up in the form of redness or swelling.
- Watch puncture wounds very carefully. They are the most prone to infection.
- If there is no extensive bleeding, swelling or torn flesh, wash the wound with plain soap and water. Put a mild antiseptic on the wound as a precaution.
- Keep the wound clean. A bandage might help. If there is swelling, keep the limb elevated.
- As a preventative, everyone should have a tetanus booster every five years.

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J. LLOYD WEBBER'S NO LONGER SAD— HE FOUND THE CASH TO BUY HIS STRAD

When Julian Lloyd Webber realized that his final bid for a Strad varius cello at a Sotheby's auction last year was successful, he was overcome with emotions. *Mixed* emotions. On the one hand Lloyd Webber, 33, one of Britain's top young cellists, was on the verge of obtaining a rare instrument with the sort of rich, resonant tones he longed for. On the other hand, he faced a daunting obstacle: how, as a workaday cellist, to come up quickly with the \$303,726 he had bid for his dream.

At first bankers didn't take him seriously when he asked for a loan—and not because of the nature of his request. Julian is the younger brother of composer Andrew Lloyd Webber, 36, who has raked in millions for the scores of *Cats*, *Evita*, *Jesus Christ Superstar* and other musicals. Though desperate for cash, Julian understood the bankers' bewilderment: "After all," he says, "if someone named McCartney had come to me for a loan..."

He's a bit less understanding about Andrew's turning down someone named Lloyd Webber. "He was getting divorced from his first wife and said he couldn't lend me that amount because he didn't have it." The refusal, he says, "didn't come as a surprise."

Perfect harmony seems to be a rarity for the brothers. "There's nothing I could tell him that he doesn't know," says Julian, "and nothing he could tell me that I don't know." They've collaborated only once, when Andrew lost a soccer bet and had to compose a piece for Julian. The pop-classical result, *Variations*, suggests that more togetherness might make sense—it rose to No. 2 on the British charts in 1978. But the cutting of the disc was punctuated by cutting remarks. It was "quite stormy," Julian says. "Andrew quite rightly criticized the way I was playing—that it wasn't free enough. And I countered by saying 'rubbish,' which I wouldn't say to any other composer."

Julian ultimately got his Strad by mortgaging his \$65,000 Guadagnini cello and everything else he and his wife, Celia, own. A former cello student who he ped support him through lean years by working as a secretary, she may just have helped him pur-



Cellist Lloyd Webber calls his Strad "the hardest instrument I've ever played. Some days I feel it's on my side; on others, that I'm having a fight."

chase a rival. "Because it plays so well when I'm right, it's an unforgiving instrument that shows up flaws when I'm wrong," he laments. "It expects to be treated like an expensive woman."

And he obliges, sleeping with it by his bed and buying it a seat when he

flies. It will undoubtedly be prominent in his first book, *Travels With My Cello*, due out this fall. But it may not be his first-string love forever. "I'm still interested in trying other cellos," he says. "Every player is searching for a sound that in his mind he wants to make." □

Screen

PRINCE

The sexy enigma of rock makes a royal statement in his debut film *Purple Rain*

Awiry mulatto man struts across the screen in a cloud of scarlet smoke. His eyes flash fire behind a black lace mask; his naked chest is polished with sweat. "Hey look me over, tell me do you like what you see," he moans to a nightclub seething with voracious fans. Stripping off the mask, he makes a catlike leap to a platform where he writhes in mock sexual ecstasy, his slim hips pumping and grinding. Screaming like a wounded animal, he reaches for a guitar and strokes its neck feverishly until a spray of water jets out.

No pop-folk fantasy, this: It is a primal scene from *Purple Rain*, the surprise summer hit that marks the movie debut of Prince, the bad boy of rock. Prince has long been a cult hero among funk fans. But with the release of *Purple Rain*, a semiautobiographical film shot for \$7 million in just seven weeks, the diminutive (5'4") prodigy has become the man of the moment in Hollywood. Although some reviewers have complained that his acting is execrable, the film built around his music has been lauded by critics on the enthusiastic fringe like the *L.A. Herald Examiner's* Mikal Gilmore, who compared it to Orson Welles' innovative classic, *Citizen Kane*. Prince has garnered reams of praise for his cinematic charisma. *L.A. Times* critic Robert Hilburn feels that the strength of the film is Prince's "presence," though the movie itself is not strong. "I don't think the film would work if you took Prince out and put, say, Rick Springfield in instead." Even Michael Jackson attended a prerelease screening, and the hype-heavy July 26 premiere at Mann's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood drew pop dignitaries and scene makers like Eddie Murphy, Kevin Bacon, Rickie Lee

CONTINUED

A wide-eyed Prince was ushered into the L.A. premiere of *Purple Rain* by his bodyguard, Chick.

Photograph by Peter G. Borsari

Screen

Jones, Stevie Nicks, Quincy Jones and John Cougar Mellencamp. The festivities were captured by a crew from MTV, which broadcast the proceedings live. Said Murphy to the TV audience of millions: "Prince is bad." And most important in a town where money always has the last word, *Purple Rain* took in \$7.7 million during its first three days, replacing *Ghostbusters* that weekend as the country's top-grossing movie.

The ascendancy of Prince, 24, is no accident. With his slightly sinister flash and palpable sensuality, he provides an antidote to the eerie asexuality of

Michael Jackson, to whom he is inevitably compared. His music is an eminently danceable blend of soul and punk more reminiscent of the renegade Jimi Hendrix (whose electric performance style and musical virtuosity were precursors of Prince's own) than of the well-programmed Michael. Although several of Prince's songs are banned from the radio because of their explicit lyrics, the last three of his six albums have sold more than six million copies combined. The nation's No. 1 LP since the first week in August, *Purple Rain* is outselling both the Jacksons' *Victory* and Bruce Springsteen's *Born in the U.S.A.*—and its haunting

single, *When Doves Cry*, has soared to the top of the pop charts.

A master of mystique and a study in contrasts, Prince parades about in heavy eyeliner but is fiercely protective of his privacy (he employs a 300-pound bodyguard who sometimes carries his frail charge like a child), hates to have his picture taken and refuses to talk to the press. (Only a few of *Purple Rain*'s cast and crew were permitted to grant interviews; his intimates are wary of reporters even now.) Despite his decadent image, he is a health food devotee, reads the Bible, shuns liquor and drugs and approaches his work with total devotion. He still lives in his native Minneapolis because, in the words of David Rivkin, his recording engineer, he is "a sane, intelligent guy who doesn't want to be subjected to the L.A. life-style." Yet he has been spotted at discos in Hollywood and New York and at the concerts of high-profile colleagues like Springsteen and the Jacksons.

Although Prince strikes some observers as being gay, "he's not at all," declares Wendy Melvoin, who plays guitar in his backup band, the Revolution. Indeed, he has a reputation as a rapacious consumer of women, reportedly favoring those in their early 20s. He has been romantically linked with the singer Vanity, who recently signed a contract with Motown and left the band that Prince helped create. Sheila

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81



Prince's natural mother, Mattie, showed up for the L.A. premiere of *Purple Rain* with her husband and children.



In a quiet moment in 1977, Prince enchanted a little fan in Los Angeles with some gentle piano solos.

Prince still sends Mother's Day presents to Bernadette Anderson, who took him into her home when he was 13.



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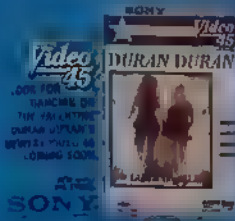
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Screen

Jones, Stevie Nicks, Quincy Jones and John Cougar Mellencamp. The festivities were captured by a crew from MTV, which broadcast the proceedings live. Said Murphy to the TV audience of millions: "Prince is bad." And most important in a town where money always has the last word, *Purple Rain* took in \$7.7 million during its first three days, replacing *Ghostbusters* that weekend as the country's top-grossing movie.

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Prince's natural mother, Mattie, shows up for the L.A. premiere of *Purple Rain* with her husband and children.

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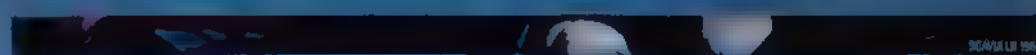
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In a quiet moment in 1977, Prince enchanted a little fan in Los Angeles with some gentle piano solos.

Prince still sends Mother's Day presents to Bernadette Anderson, who took him into her home when he was 13.



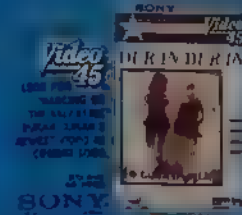
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Screen

E. (for Escovedo), a singer-percussionist whose *Glamorous Life* LP sounds suspiciously like a Prince production, is rumored to be a current girlfriend. So is Apollonia Kotero, a buxom California-born Latin-German Jew, who plays Prince's lover in *Purple Rain* and who inherited Vanity's band, now called Apollonia 6. "Prince loves his women," Apollonia says. "It's not impossible that someday he'll be devoted to just one. But right now his music is his wife."

Like *Purple Rain*'s protagonist (who is called "the Kid"), Prince is the product of mixed blood and a troubled home. Born Prince Rogers Nelson, he is the son of John Nelson, a half-black musician, and Mattie Nelson ("a mixture of a bunch of things," as Prince has described her), once a singer with her husband's group. Named Prince Rogers for his father's stage name, he was one of seven children and a virtuoso musician early on. Although the father left home when Prince was 7, the piano stayed, and the boy used it to pick out tunes like the themes from *Batman* and *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*

Prince's unhappiest years began when he was about 8. Mattie (now a social worker in Minneapolis) remarried, and Prince went to live with John. Nelson threw his son out after an argument, and Prince was taken in by an aunt, who eventually booted him because of his guitar playing. "I was constantly running from family to family," Prince would say later. "It was nice because I always had a new family. But I didn't like being shuffled around."

At 13, he found security of sorts at the home of his best friend, André Cymone. They shared a room at first, but the fastidious Prince couldn't abide André's sloppiness. He moved into the basement and decorated it with mirrors and rabbit fur purchased from the \$10 weekly allowance that John gave him. Bernadette Anderson, André's mother, became a surrogate parent for Prince and remembers their visitor as a "considerate, good kid who took his turn mopping floors." But "he didn't get too close to people. He never talked about his mother and father. He kept a lot of feelings to himself."

Instead, he expressed himself through music. Too poor to buy records, he listened to the radio, which for a teenager in Minneapolis (where blacks constitute only 7.6 percent of the population) meant mainstream pop



Although Prince performed in bikini briefs at this 1981 N.Y. concert, he now favors a more dignified Edwardian look.

played by groups like Grand Funk Railroad. He began writing songs and, as part of the band he formed with André, performed in clubs nearly every night by the time he was in high school.

Offstage, the incipient star was an enigmatic figure who danced down the halls of Minneapolis's Central High, moving to a tune only he could hear. His teachers remember him as being well dressed and well behaved. Says Beatrice Hasselmann, his music teacher, "Prince was very quiet, somewhat of a loner." Adds James Hamilton, the high school band director, "A lot of boys had more talent than Prince. The difference was his determination."

Precocious sexually as well as musically, Prince was dating by 14, but that reputation didn't help him with other boys. They taunted him about his size (he had the chutzpah to play basketball). "Kids can be cruel," observes Mrs. Anderson. "I used to tell Prince that height didn't matter. But when the boys teased him, he'd fight back. He'd hit and run, but he'd get even."

In 1976 Owen Husney, a local promoter, heard some of Prince's songs, liked them and, with his wife, Britt, took the 17-year-old under his wing. After Prince's graduation that year, Husney got him an apartment, supplied him with instruments and an allowance and persuaded Warner Bros. executives to listen to a demo tape.

"A very introspective, gifted kid," in the words of Warner Bros. Records

president Lenny Waronker, Prince was given a contract and—on the basis of a short tryout session—the right to coproduce his own first album. "His instincts," Waronker says, "are uncanny. He's a risk taker. His first two albums [1978's *For You* and *Prince*, released in 1979] firmly established him as a black act. His third LP reflected a drastic change and expanded his base."

Dirty Mind also brought Prince notoriety. Its explicit lyrics shocked disc jockeys, and its cover—which showed him in a brief black bikini—offended record-store owners. Although pop critics praised the LP, some concertgoers were unprepared for Prince. When he opened for the Rolling Stones at the Los Angeles Coliseum in 1981, he was booed off the stage.

It was in 1982, with the crossover album *1999* (and its three hit singles, including *Little Red Corvette*), that Prince became a fixture in the Top 40. Struck by the power of Prince's performance on the *1999* video, Albert Magnoli (a neophyte who directed, edited and helped script *Purple Rain*) proposed a feature-length film in which the singer would "cut through the crap and reveal his soul." Prince and his personal managers went for it, and the collaborative effort began. Prince wrote the score and worked with Mag-

CONTINUED



As on film, Prince's girl Apollonia (center) heads an eponymous band that includes Bronda Bennett (right) and Susan.

SCREEN

not and William Binn on the script; members of the Revolution and of local groups, The Time and Apollonia 6, began taking acting lessons, and the shoot was set for last November.

Most *Purple Rain* principals claim that the film is only loosely based on Prince's life. Still, says Russ Thyret, a Warner's marketing executive who has known the singer for seven years, "making the movie was cathartic. He's gotten rid of some of his demons." And Apollonia admits, "Everyone was playing themselves."

The Prince of *Purple Rain* is a self-ish, tormented singer who sulks, treats his girlfriend like a chattel and refuses to play songs written by the women in his band. The trauma underlying his arrogance is revealed when he comes home to his basement room in his parents' house. Father (played by Clarence Williams III, linc of TV's *The Mod Squad*) proves to be a failed black musician who pummels the Kid's white mother (Olga Karlatos). Repelled by the brutality, the youngster nevertheless echoes it by smacking his own girlfriend. Salvation comes only when he realizes that family history is repeating itself. He vows to change and signifies the breakthrough with an emotional performance of the ballad *Purple Rain*.

Prince is proud of his movie success. When the lights went on at a re-

cent L.A. screening, he turned to Thyret, who grinned and said, "It ain't *Gone With the Wind*, but it ain't bad." Still, Prince is making no move to cement his film stardom by migrating to Hollywood. In Minneapolis he lives in a suburban split-level with a bright purple facade. Inside are four bedrooms, a recording studio where he labors until all hours and a kitchen where he cooks up spicy scrambled eggs. Although the neon-lit, scarf-draped master bedroom is "bizarre," in the words of manager Steve Fargnoli, Prince's lakeside home is "the kind of place," according to Lisa Coleman, the Revolution's keyboard player, "where you're not afraid to bring your mom."

But not Prince's mom. Members of his family are seldom in evidence there. Instead, the house serves as a salon for his ad hoc family of friends and fellow musicians. "We're more than a band," reports guitarist Wendy. "We're definitely Prince's family. We're always hugging and comforting each other."

"When my wisdom teeth were impacted, he made me have them out," Lisa reports. "I recuperated at his house, and he was a wonderful nurse."

When Prince isn't holding court in his suburban hideaway, he toots about town in his black BMW or on the same purple motorcycle he rides in the movie. At night he often checks in at the First Avenue Club, a converted downtown bus terminal that serves not only as a backdrop in *Purple Rain* but also as another gathering place for Prince's clan. It was there that he took Apollonia on the evening of her first interview with him—"to see if I could move," she remembers.

Prince's conspicuous successes have allayed his shyness and insecurity. Like *Purple Rain*'s protagonist, he has undergone a metamorphosis of sorts. "When he was young, things didn't seem permanent," says Wendy. "Now he's gotten something he's in control of, and it's going to last."

Now that the mutable Prince has assumed his final form. Though the slight figure in traditional Hasidic dress and long curls may have looked out of place among the microskirted techno-funk crowd at last month's *Purple Rain* preview in Dallas, a sharp eye could have detected the legerdemain. Behind the outlandish persona was Prince Rogers Nelson, watching himself become a star.

Written by MICHELLE GREEN, reported by GAIL BUCHALTER

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SHARKSHOOTER GREG NORMAN CAME FROM AUSSIE SURF TO U.S. TURF TO TERRORIZE THE MEN'S GOLF TOUR

Greg Norman would like to make it clear. He did not get his nickname, the Great White Shark, because he's a crazy Australian who shoots sharks for fun. No, the white-hot golfer on this summer's PGA tour got his nickname because he's a crazy Australian who shoots sharks out of frustration.

"We used to fish on Moreton Bay off Brisbane, which is supposed to be the largest breeding ground of Great Whites in the world," explains Norman. "It takes a while to pull the fish up and when you do, the sharks have had them. You get frustrated. So I shot the sharks around my boat." It's no big deal, he insists. "For an Australian, sharks are like snakes. Dangerous. But you make allowances."

Dangerous too is Norman, who might as well be called Jaws by fellow pros who are still trying to figure out what allowances to make for him. A strapping 6'4", Norman has been tearing up major tournaments with élan. In 14 PGA outings this year the land shark—one of the longest hitters on the tour—has won \$286,724, putting him sixth in overall earnings. He finished in the top 10 six times, including firsts at the June Kemper Open in Bethesda, Md. and the July Canadian Open in Ontario, where he outdueled childhood idol Jack Nicklaus, 44. Also in June in Mamaroneck, N.Y. he lost the U.S. Open in a play-off after tying Fuzzy Zoeller with a series of heart-stopping shots in the final regulation round.

This week Norman hopes to continue his feeding frenzy at the PGA championship in Birmingham, Ala. Although he has not played the 7,145-yard Shoal Creek course, "I would give myself a very good chance of winning," he says not immodestly. Shark alert.

If he does triumph, the victory may have had its genesis in the surf off Queensland. He was born in the copper mining town of Mount Isa in northeast Australia. His father, Merv, general manager of a mining company, was too caught up in the business to teach his son golf. So Norman turned to his

CONTINUED

Norman, at Orlando's Bay Hill country club, supervises the short game of daughter Morgan Leigh.

Jocks



Photographs by Lynn Pelham

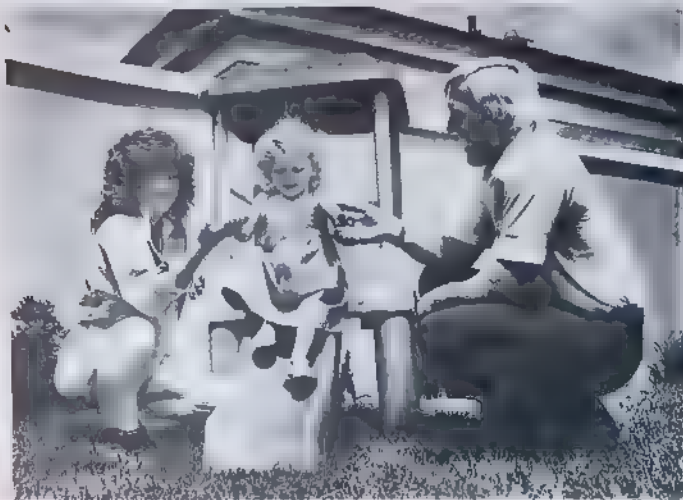
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Jocks

mother, Toni, who had a three handicap. A late bloomer, he didn't start playing until he was 16, when he caddied for Mom. "I was enjoying surfing too much," he recalls. "I didn't care about golf. I was going to be a pilot in the air force." In the end he didn't care much about flying either. After high school he "laid around for 12 months, mostly doing nothing." It was during that time that he decided to become a professional golfer, though "I was never particularly good up to that point.



After Norman sank a 40-foot putt on the 18th to tie the U.S. Open, Fuzzy Zoeller flashed a white towel. The next day, when Zoeller won the play-off, Norman waved back.



There wasn't much to go on except I had confidence in myself." After making the shift from surf to turf in 1971, Norman found a coach, Charlie Earp, who believed that the long ball off the tee was more important than control. The young golfer thrived on the unorthodox tutelage. Soon he was smacking 340-yard drives in all directions. "I would really clobber that ball," he says. "I used to hit drives 30 or 40 yards longer than now. But I reduced yardage to gain accuracy." Satisfied with his aim, Norman joined the Australian pro tour in 1976, a year after finishing high school. His parents had mixed feelings about his choice of careers. "I hadn't given them a lot of reason to believe I could make it as a professional golfer," he says. "But I was just this big lump who hadn't been doing anything for a year." Their minds were eased when, on his third time out, he won a pro tournament in Adelaide and hauled in \$7,000.

In 1977 he joined the international circuit and continued on it for six years, earning \$240,000 in his best season. In 1983 he decided to go where the real money is, the American tour. His best finish was a second at the Bay Hill Classic in Orlando, Fla., but for the next 15 months he played erratically and remained a virtual unknown in the U.S. Discouraged, Norman last May called his former coach in Australia. "Earp told me to extend my backswing and to hold on until he got there," says Norman. But by the time Earp's plane landed, Norman had won the Kemper Open. His one weakness, golf observers say, is his putting.

His wins, grins, good looks, good sportsmanship and, yes, his nickname have made him a favorite with American galleries, who shout "Go Greg" and cheer exuberantly as he moves around the course. "Now, wherever I play in the United States, I feel at home," he says.

He should. For starters his wife, Laura, 26, is an American. A former stewardess from New Jersey, she met him at 39,000 feet in the first-class section of a Detroit-to-New York flight in 1979. (They married in 1982.) "He was shy and so was I, but we managed to get a conversation going," she says. "She sat down next to me" is how Norman tells it. Now he is applying for permanent resident status, although he plans to keep his Australian citizenship. He and Laura, along with 2-year-old daughter Morgan Leigh, are settling into a new five-bedroom house in Bay Hill close to the country club.

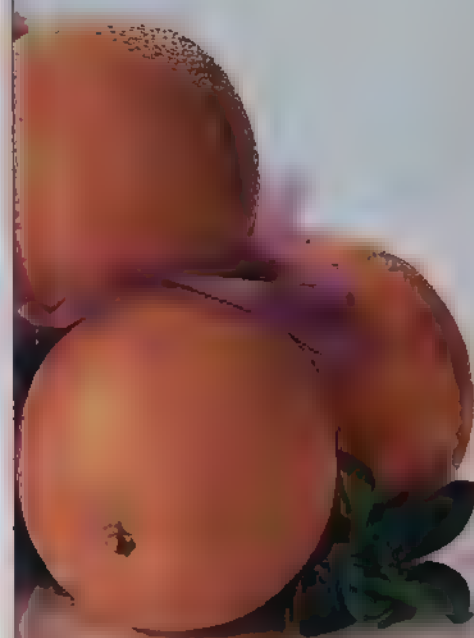
Although Florida is worlds away from their previous home on five acres of grassland and fairway on Australia's east coast, Norman insists there is no culture shock. "Australia is like mini-America," he says. "The only difference is that you blokes drive on the wrong side of the road." Take note: The White Shark knows all about driving.

DAVID CHANDLER

Norman is spending less time on the foreign circuit and more time at home with wife Laura and Morgan Leigh.

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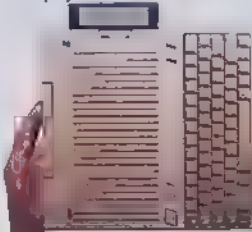
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IN HER OWN Words



Linda Bird Francke (second from left) confers with the children of her own divorce, Andrew, Tapp and Caitlin.

DIVORCE MEANS PAIN, SAYS WRITER LINDA BIRD FRANCKE, BUT CHILDREN CAN BE SPARED SOME OF THE MISERY

Four years ago magazine writer Linda Bird Francke considered herself amicably divorced from her second husband, and her three children seemed to be thriving. Then one day in 1980, while researching a story on the impact of divorce, she interviewed her own children. She was startled, and distressed, to learn that her 9-year-old daughter, Tapp, blamed herself for Francke's split from her husband, Albert, in 1977. "I felt I was being punished by God for being really bad," Tapp told her mother, "so I tried being really good. I hoped God would change His mind and let Dad come home." That conversation, and reaction to the subsequent article, inspired Francke to explore the subject further. Two years of research, involving interviews with 100 children, led to publication of *Growing Up Divorced* (Linden Press,

\$15.95, Fawcett, \$3.50 paper). The book is designed to alert parents to the anguish divorce can inflict on children—and help them cope with the problems that come from it. Francke lives on Long Island with Tapp, now 13, her other daughter, Caitlin, 15, and Andrew MacKenzie, 20, her son from her first marriage. She discussed the children of divorce with Senior Editor Ralph Novak.

How are children likely to react when their parents divorce?

Almost all children follow a universal checklist of reactions: shock, followed by depression, denial, anger, low self-esteem and, often among younger children, guilt.

Will problems surface right away?

Remember, these kids have had their whole lives disrupted. Children

who have already "lost" one parent may be frightened to tell their parents how they really feel, for fear of losing the love and protection of the parent they're with.

How do parents' reactions to a divorce affect their children?

It's worst in a bad divorce, where the parents continue to fight and manipulate the children. But even under the best of circumstances, parents have to be prepared for problems, so they don't have sandbags dropped on them later.

What are some of the things to watch for?

Children often take everything literally. I remember muttering at one point, "We're broke; I don't know what we're going to do." That was a normal adult abstract complaint, but one of

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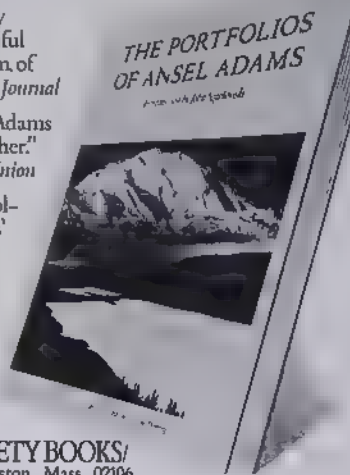
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Last June, Rosalynn Carter dropped in on Francke, with whom she wrote the best-selling *First Lady From Plains*.

Words

my girls started squirreling cookies away to be sure she would have something to eat.

What factors influence how a child reacts to divorce?

As Judith Wallerstein at California's Center for the Family In Transition has pointed out, age and gender are very important. Boys are more susceptible to stress of any kind, including divorce. A boy from 3 to 5 is most likely to be vulnerable to being hurt by divorce. He's going through the Oedipal stage, for instance. He wants his mother all to himself and secretly wishes his father would vanish. Then whammo, there's a divorce and his father *does* vanish. The boy is sure he's responsible. At that age, remember, children are going through the great "I am" phase—they think they make the sun set and the moon rise.

How about older kids?

From 6 to 8 or so, the overriding emotion is sadness; the children have not yet learned to differentiate between adult-adult love and adult-child love and feel the parent has personally left him or her. From 9 to 12, there's a strict sense of right and wrong. The parents are cast as the good one and the bad one. Anger is directed at the bad one; the good one is elevated to a minor deity.

What happens with teenagers?

Boys are more likely to act out, even take their anger out on society in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

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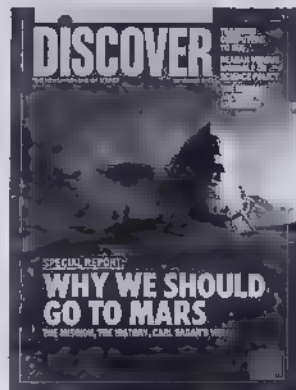
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expedience, isn't it nice to know that one gin is made with regard only for quality. And that is the gin you will find to be a shade better than the rest.



Words

extreme. In a kind of sleeper effect, adolescent girls whose fathers left when they were small may become sexually precocious. These girls lost their first love, felt rejected and now are trying to make up for it. All teenagers go through an identity crisis; divorce can exaggerate it. If one parent has disappeared from their lives, they have half a life, and they want to find the other half.

How does the bitterness of a divorce come into play?

If a divorce ends up in a custody fight in court, the children are almost inevitably damaged. They're likely to lose respect for both parents and perhaps the entire adult population. In cases settled out of court, they're bound to be distressed but not necessarily damaged.

And after all the legalities have been settled?

If a child doesn't see one parent very much, feelings of rejection and anger can increase not only against the parent he doesn't see but against the custodial parent, who may seem to be keeping the child away from his mother or father.

How well does joint custody work?

There's no such thing as a painless divorce. And joint custody creates its own problems—the parents are forced into more contact with each other than a lot of them are up to, for example. But it heads off a lot of more serious problems. Because the child has access to both parents and they share the load of child raising, when he looks back later, the child won't say one of his parents deserted him.

How should divorced parents handle dating?

Very carefully. A young child equates sleeping together with mommies and daddies, so he might become attached over and over again to a new "parent." If a lot of partners are brought home. An older child can develop disgust for a promiscuous parent. It's best to foster relationships outside the home—like a show that opens out of town—before involving children.

Franke, her children and her live-in companion, editor Harvey Loomis, gather on the patio of her Long Island home.

Are couples increasingly skeptical of the idea that children are better off if their parents divorce rather than stay together in an unhappy marriage?

There is a slowdown in the divorce rate. But I think that's not because people are more concerned about their children so much as that the promised land of singlehood has not paid off for a lot of people. People are beginning to look for the good in their marriages, not just the bad. It's certainly better for a child to grow up in a two-parent family if a couple can work out their differences.

Is there a bright side to divorce?

Yes. In a good divorce, closer relationships can develop between the children and both parents; they deal with each other without the buffer of the other parent. Children can become more independent, too. They learn to take care of themselves, make more decisions and learn that serious difficulties can be worked out amicably. For the parents, some of the problems that caused the divorce may clear up, a parent who has been drinking may stop.

What positive steps can divorcing parents take to help their kids?

The obvious things are the reverse of the bad things: not to fight in front of the child, not to put the child in the middle, not to cast the child in a role he can't handle. One little boy who was told he was "the man of the house" told me he stayed up all night two nights in a row patrolling his house to protect his mother and sister against burglars.

What else can parents do?

They can love their children and pay attention to them. Hear what they're saying and not saying. Try to be optimistic—mistakes have been made but let's get on with it. Remember who is the adult in the household and who are the children.

What is the worst divorce you know of?

It involved two friends, one of whom moved to Florida while the other stayed in New York. A lot of property was at stake and detectives followed each spouse. There was a custody fight and a child snatching across a state line. It was awful. I felt such contempt for both parents I washed my hands of them.

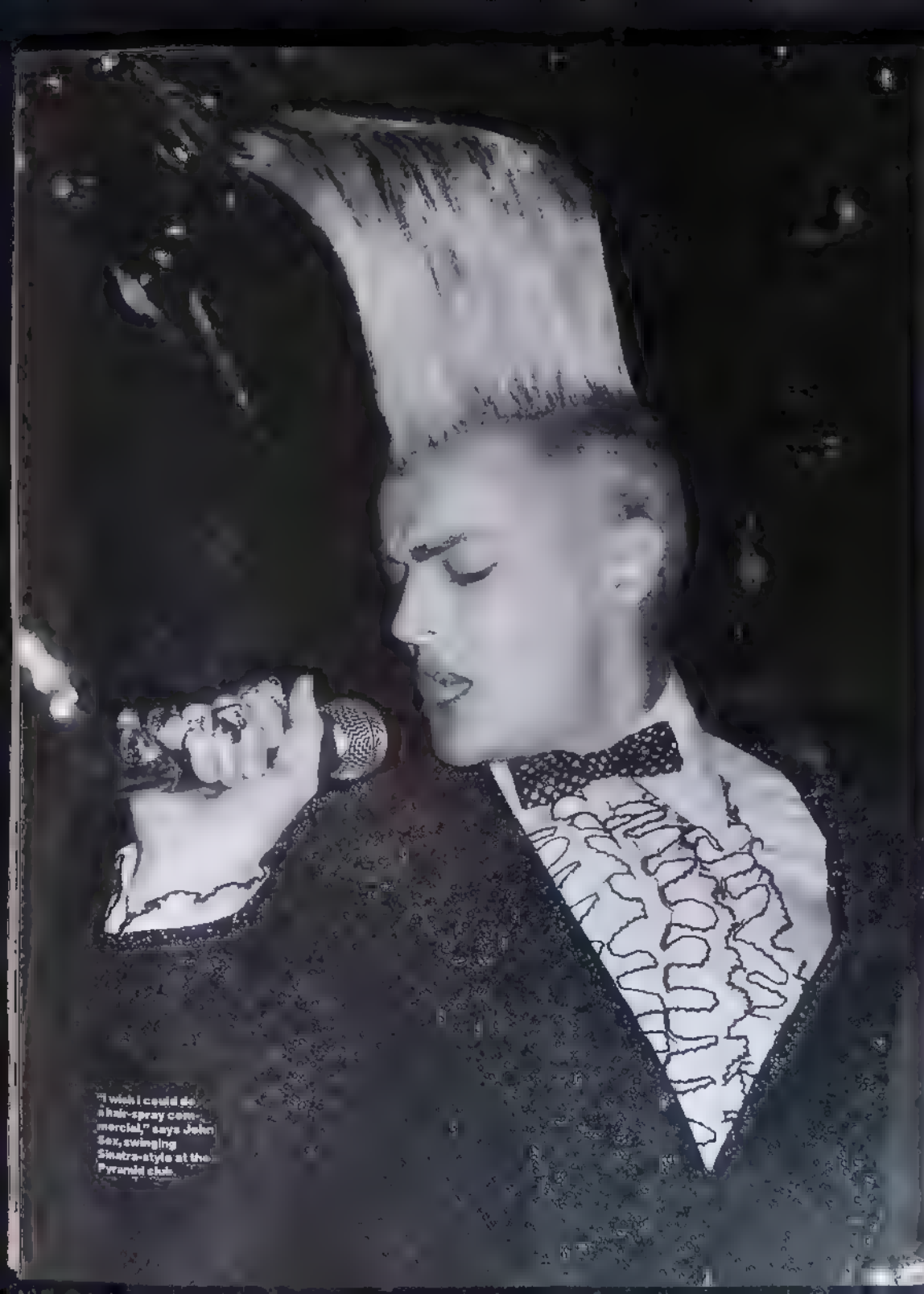
And what is the best dissolution of a marriage you know of?

My second marriage—my first was more acrimonious. Albert and I separated gradually and worked out our own agreement without lawyers. There was a time, of course, when I wanted to finish every sentence about him with an expletive. But from the beginning he kept up with not only the girls but his stepson as well. I didn't bad-mouth him in front of the children, nor he me. He kept his word about when he was going to see them. He is part of the new generation of concerned fathers. He gets his hands dirty fathering.

How do you and he get along now?

We get together often and chew the fat, talk about the children's problems. It's beneficial to the children and, after all, we got married in the first place because we liked each other. □





"I wish I could do a hair-spray commercial," says John Sex, swinging Sinatra-style at the Pyramid club.

—Scene—

ART AFTER MIDNIGHT

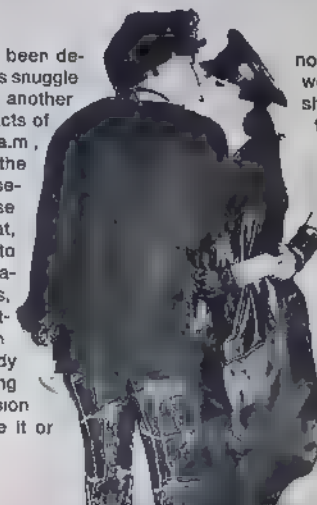
Some wild and woolly young New Yorkers are brightening the early morning with a weird mix of art, fashion and vaudeville

by Michael Small



In their trademark tunics and sailor caps, the Pop Tarts—Fenton Bailey and Randy Barbato (kneeling)—sing their campy version of *Fame* at Danceteria. Below, two friendly models display Michael Wyde's black night-wear line at Beulah Land, an art bar.

Long after midtown office towers have been deserted for the day, as many New Yorkers snuggle into bed in their high-rise apartments, another world comes to life in the seedier districts of Lower Manhattan. From 11 p.m. to 5 a.m., Monday through Sunday, the young and the active pack into musty East Village basement bars, cavernous lofts in warehouse districts, or short-lived speakeasies that, because they lack liquor licenses, tend to fall prey to police raids. Disdaining the laser lights and droning beat of '70s discos, these clubs offer an '80s alternative: riotous after-hours vaudeville complete with dragshows, art auctions, raunchy comedy revues and theme parties celebrating such diverse topics as sexual obsession and Tupperware. The purpose, believe it or



not, is art. For many of the city's thousands of working artists and countless aspiring actors, shunned by conventional artistic outlets like uptown galleries and Broadway, the clubs offer a congenial, supportive alternative—a brave new world wilder than the dreams of the sleeping city. This outlandish scene has its own celebrities (John Sex and Gracie Mansion), fashions (spike cuts and crew cuts) and rules for conduct (regulars rarely dance, even in clubs with constant rock music). Says one club-hopper, "It encompasses Berlin before and after the war—the decadence of before, the look of after." Weekend tourists from the 9-to-5 world, unlike in-crowd members, wait in lines at club doors, pay \$3 to \$15 cover charges and rarely get free drinks. All in all, a small price to pay for an eccentric evening out.

CONTINUED



Cyndi Lauper styles have caught on at Baulah Land.

On Wednesday around midnight a woman named Philly and her friend Stephen Tashjian, both in their 20s, scuttie around the basement of a one-time Ukrainian blue-collar bar revamped in 1982 as the Pyramid Cocktail Lounge. Philly, who dropped her given name when she moved to the East Village from Philadelphia, smears on the same apple-red lipstick that Stephen wears. He is draping himself with plastic oranges and cherries for his Carmen Miranda act; she is stuffing tiny rotten bananas under layers of shawls and rags that transform her into a "monkey/woman/creature." Finally, clad to fruitarian perfection, they climb up a wooden stairway and emerge into a tiny, windowless room, where a solid mass of sweaty kids flail to the beat. A spotlight hits the stage, where a sign bears the name of tonight's extravaganza, *Flying Down to Rio*. Shaking his hips to a calypso beat, Stephen takes center stage carrying a trombone. Combining the best of Tiny Tim and Sheeky Green, he sings in falsetto, toots his horn, treats his fans to a few raunchy jokes and exits. Philly comes on next to the tune of the Belafonte hit *Day-O*. "I love bananas, big yellow bananas," she screeches as she spits some on the cat-calling audience. Five minutes later she curtsies primly and exits.

"That was sort of a throwaway performance," Philly admits afterward. She and Stephen, who play the clubs as often as four times a week, usually perform in more literate skits—such as *I Love Ruthie*, their version of *I Love Lucy* '80s-style and *In Praise of Java*, a show for coffee believers. That's as legit as they get. "Boy George is interesting but he's too polished. You need a bit more slime and a bit more trash than that," says Philly. Mark Phred, who appears with Philly in some of her other performances, details the logistical realities of their profession: "They call us up and say, 'Can you be South American sun gods showing a synthesis of Egyptian and Polynesian cultures and the space theory in a sort of go-go dance?' And we do it—because that's how we pay our rent."

Mark Magnuson and Joey Arias (below), who create dozens of characters on club stages, portray Salvador Dali and his wife, Gala, at Baulah Land.



The splattered look is in this year.



In art dealer Gracie Mansion's sculpture garden, Charles Busch (right) plays Theadora the She-Bitch with the Limbo troupe in a melodrama about a sex-starved Byzantine (drag) queen.



"Out of the garbage and into the wardrobe—that's how I make my costumes," says Philly, in a Pyramid revue. She adds, laughing, "Scum rises and I'm on the rise."



Dignity on its last leg (left) at Danceteria's fashion show.

In the downtown nightclub circuit, where most performers earn about \$50 a night—with occasional gusts up to \$1,000—Philly and her partners are far from unique. As actor Kestutis Nakas puts it, "Working the clubs is much more exciting and vital than hustling your résumé to get a bit part on a soap opera." John Sex agrees. Best known for his straight-up hairdo and silky nightclub act, John, a former male stripper, now supports himself singing hits like his R-rated version of *That's Life*. "I've been a hustler, a hooker, a honcho, a hero, a dke and a queen," John sings to the classic Sinatra tune. Sex, who has been 24 for years, just landed a recording deal with Island Records. "I'm a nice Catholic boy from Long Island and everything my mother didn't want me to be," he admits.

Joe Bernard, alias Zette, earns \$110 a night acting out Area's regularly changing themes, often behind glass in an enclosed stage resembling a department store window. For the theme of *Confinement*, Zette, 25, impersonated Rapunzel, Quasimodo, Anne Frank and various women under hair dryers. (Area nixed his crucifixion act because he wanted to do it during Easter week.)

In 1979, seasoned pro Ann Magnuson, 27, ran the now-defunct Club 57, a low-budget, high-energy cabaret where almost all of today's scene makers first displayed their talents. Now Ann presents 25 or so characters, including an evangelist named Alice Tully Hall, "a combination of Loretta Lynn and Lotte Lenya." In comic half-hour vignettes. About the growing club circuit, Ann says, "Most of the people here are trying to make sense of what they grew up with in the '60s and '70s. We take all those elements and put them back together in different configurations and try to make people laugh. And we make them think."

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Curator-critic Steven Kaplan (left) and painter Ed Higgins (right) join Gracie Mansion at an 8 B.C. art show. The as-yet-unsold painting of a car crash featured them, priced at \$500, is by one of Gracie's artists, Stephen Lack.



New Wave fashions also serve those who sit and wait.

Gracie Mansion, who named herself after the New York mayor's residence, used to show her friends' artwork in her bathroom. Now she owns one of the East Village's most successful galleries. To stay in touch, she regularly attends clubs whose walls are covered with the work of artists she represents. Who first thought of showing art in nightclubs is a point of endless contention, but the best guess is now-well-known artist Keith Haring, who curated a show in 1979 at Club 57 during its heyday. Anyway, all the right places now do it—and some even specialize in it. Haoui (pronounced Howie) Montagu, 32, a veteran club-goer who helps run Danceteria, explains the phenomenon: "Everybody who used to be a musician in a band is now a painter. For the locals, art is a bigger draw than anything else, including music. And the clubs have to go with what people want." Neophyte fashion designer Michael Wyld, 23, praises the clubs for the same reason most painters do. "Showing there makes my clothes more accessible to the people who buy them. Nobody I know would go to a fashion show at noon."

Kamkaze, in a warehouse next to the Hudson River, runs the most elaborate art shows. Every other Thursday curator Stacie Teale, 23—or one of her friends—opens a new exhibit with an average of 20 contributors. During the past nine months about 1,000 young artists have hung their works for as many as 1,500 art lovers per opening. Says Stacie, "In a gallery you look at a painting for two seconds. In a club, you look at it several times a night." It was probably Limbo, a two-year-old art bar now closed for a move to a larger space, that ran the first club art auctions. Once 80 works were sold in a single night for \$40 to \$575 apiece. Moreover, the benefits are not merely monetary. "The first go-round you look at the paintings," says one faithful viewer, "the second go-round you look at the people."



Designer Chryst Skloros shows off Wyld's black cotton top.

Some come to see—and to be seen.



Kamikaze's bar (above) includes a mural called *Kamikaze Lust* by Andres Garcia. Eight transvestite brides (four of them below) participated in Limelight's June bride theme night and were married onstage by pseudoclergyman John Sex.



Joey, 21, a Pyramid club bartender from Queens, N.Y., also dances on the bar in disarming getups.



From left, Jeanette Anonymous?, 27, Steven Adams, 22, Victor Anonymous?, 23, and Michael Limbo, 27, stand outside their Limbo club, which will soon be moving to a better location in Manhattan's East Village.



On any given night the four floors of Danceteria might house an art exhibit, a live band, a dinner party and a fashion show. Across town, 8 B.C.—located in a deteriorating 1850s farmhouse with a large stage (and a slight cockroach problem) on a burned-out street—sometimes presents five short theater pieces a night. Area, an immaculate space in New York's old Pony Express building, celebrates its complete redecoration every six weeks with a special Wednesday bash. On Mondays exotic performers invade the Area dance floor for Obsession nights to act out such compulsions as "pets" and "body oddities." Limelight, a traditional disco on many nights, despite its location in a former Episcopal church, also sponsors wild theme parties. Recently art director Malcolm Kelso, 34, recreated scenes from different Fellini movies there; another night he threw a pajama party for 1,600 people. Meanwhile, the Limbo crew runs a production company called ?Anonymous? Productions that books about 100 acts (including the Pop Tarts) into various clubs.

All this activity does not go unappreciated. Desirable patrons are under steady—though imaginative—emotional siege. Stephen Saban, 38, who writes a column about the clubs for *Details*, a fashion and nightlife magazine, jokes that they send him invitations every 15 minutes. Danceteria and the Pyramid print newsletters every two weeks. Area invitations come with a dog bone, a beach thong or other prizes. Of course, the hippest club-hoppers—like Saban and Dianne Brill—don't need invitations to know which way the wind is blowing. Dubbed the Queen of the Scene, fashion designer Brill, 25, goes out mid-week—weekends are too crowded—but this Florida native knows New York's nightlife better than most. "A 'scene person' has to be involved in art, fashion and music and have a pretty good understanding of what's fresh in these mediums," says Dianne of the hundreds of club-goers she sees nightly. "You also have to be active—at least go to the key parties once a week. It takes discipline to know when to go out and when to stay in. Believe me, having fun is work." Then, with an appropriately dramatic sigh, she adds, "What a life." □



From right, Darius Azari, Eric and Christopher Goode (with the Goode's sister Jennifer) help manage Area. The hand was made of fiberglass by Michael Stats.

ARTIFICIAL-HEART SURGEON WILLIAM DEVRIES TRANSPLANTS HIMSELF TO GREENER PASTURES

ON THE Move



When Dr. William DeVries performed the world's first permanent artificial heart implant on retired dentist Barney Clark 20 months ago at the University of Utah Medical Center in Salt Lake City, the surgeon became a special hero to the desert community. Last week, a disheartened DeVries, 40, shocked the city by announcing he was leaving to join the staff of the Humana Heart Institute in Louisville, Ky.—pride of the privately operated 89-hospital Humana Inc. chain.

DeVries' frustrations at the Utah center—the only hospital with a trained implant team and Food and Drug Administration approval to perform the operation—had been growing since Clark's death in March 1983, 112 days after the patient had received the man-made organ. Efforts by DeVries to undertake more implants had been stymied by the university's Institutional Review Board—while dozens of terminally ill patients requested the surgery. DeVries commented that he was tired of seeing “people die while I wait for the red tape.” In the wake of Clark's death, the IRB remained wary of a second implant. “There were a lot of people who think the Barney Clark case was a disaster,” says Dr. John Bosso, chairman of the IRB, who finally gave DeVries the go-ahead for a second implant last January, with future operations to be decided on a case-by-case basis.

DeVries expects to be much more active at the new hospital Humana, the most profitable U.S. hospital chain, has guaranteed to underwrite 100 artificial-heart implants, which could cost \$25 million. And though Humana has not yet received the official FDA go-ahead for the operation, a crack-surgical group is in training and Humana hopes for an early FDA okay. “He couldn't have a better setup than they are offering,” says DeVries' wife, Karen, who has reconciled with him after a brief separation this year. She adds, “He's not going there for the money.”

A few staffers at the Utah center feel otherwise—that DeVries was selling his services to the highest bidder. But most Salt Lakers are merely saddened by the shifting of the scientific limelight from their state. “It's disappointing,” says hotel employee Gregg Roseborough. “It was nice being the heartbeat of America.” □

DeVries and wife Karen (at heart recipient Clark's funeral) are heading for Louisville with the six youngest of their seven kids.



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Song

COUNTRY'S MOM-AND-DAUGHTER DUO, NAOMI AND WYNONNA JUDD, STORM THE CHARTS WITH HOMESPUN HARMONIES

Take one homespun Kentucky beauty able to recognize a copperhead and put up a hog lot. Send her to L.A. Delete the husband, add a variety of colorful jobs, held to support two kids, one with a voice as rich and potent as moonshine. Back in Nashville, drop in one, guitar, a heap o' gumption, wait two years and listen.

What you'll hear are the lushly rustic strains of the Judds, country's latest success story and most striking mother-daughter look-alikes. Not since the Carter Family have the family harmonies been as sweet as those warbled by mom Naomi, 38, and daughter Wynonna Judd, 20—nor the generation gap so hard to discern. "We're just two redheaded country girls," claims

"We both believe very strongly that good girls can finish first," says Naomi (left, with Wynonna in Atlanta).

Mom modestly. "Our story is just not normal."

Neither is their sound. While many country artists are crossing over to more lucrative pop pastures, the Judds haven't forgotten their rural mountain roots. Wynonna's bluesy lead vocals and Naomi's deep alto harmonies blend into an acoustic, almost spare mixture of bluegrass, rock and traditional folk. It all rings right as rain to them and to fans of their first single, *Had a Dream (For the Heart)*, who put the tune into the Top 20 and propelled the Judds' latest, *Mama He's Crazy*, straight into the No. 1 spot.

Naomi figured she had to be crazy back in March of '83, when she dragged Wynonna and her guitar into RCA/Nashville for a rare live audition for the brass. "I was 18," Wynonna shrugs. "What did I know?" Recalls Naomi: "We walked in and my knees went weak."



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16 JPS 1991

Song

thought, what in the world have I done?" What the two down-home upstarts did, within one hour, was get themselves a record deal.

A Nashville songwriter couldn't have fashioned a pithier story, right down to the lye soap Naomi makes by hand. Born in Ashland, Ky., she married her hometown sweetheart, then had Wynonna the week of high school graduation. Divorced in L.A. after an eight-year marriage (and the birth of second daughter Ashley, now 16), she worked in the Fifth Dimension's office and as an advertising model. The schools were excellent "but the kids were starting to think Hollywood was normal and that summers home were just vacations," says Naomi. "I was lopsided." Returning to tiny Morristown, Ky., "We went from having three TVs, two refrigerators and four phones to having none of the above," smirks Wynonna. While Naomi attended nursing school, Wynonna started teaching herself guitar and seriously listening to music—mostly bluegrass—for the first time. "I started singing and Mom'd be doing chores and she'd start singing lower harmony. We'd sit around the supper table and sing just to pass the time." By 16, Wynonna had won her high school talent show, stopped being a straight-A student ("Amen") and decided that music was the road for her.

Finding their manager through Ricky Skaggs and their producer through a patient of Naomi's, the two spent a year honing "the Judd sound" and style. "We haven't played honky-tonks. I won't subject my daughter," insists Mother, which may be why Wynonna's wondering, "Where are all the male groupies I hear about?" No matter: Her boyfriend, Stephen, lives near the duo's Victorian, white frame house in Franklin, Tenn., and Naomi, fresh out of a "heartbreaking" four-year relationship, freely admits to "a maternal instinct as fierce as a mountain lion's."

For now, mother-daughter relations are uppermost. Even though "we disagree on things," says Wynonna, "we're dealing with it. There are times when I have to remind myself that this is what I want." But, says Naomi proudly, "Onstage I'll look over and think, 'Good grief, where did that voice come from?'" As a mother, she adds, "I've had to learn to walk away sometimes and give up control. I have to realize that this brat I used to diaper is a 50-50 financial partner." **LISA RUSSELL**

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by **dobie**
Irene Cluett

Lookout

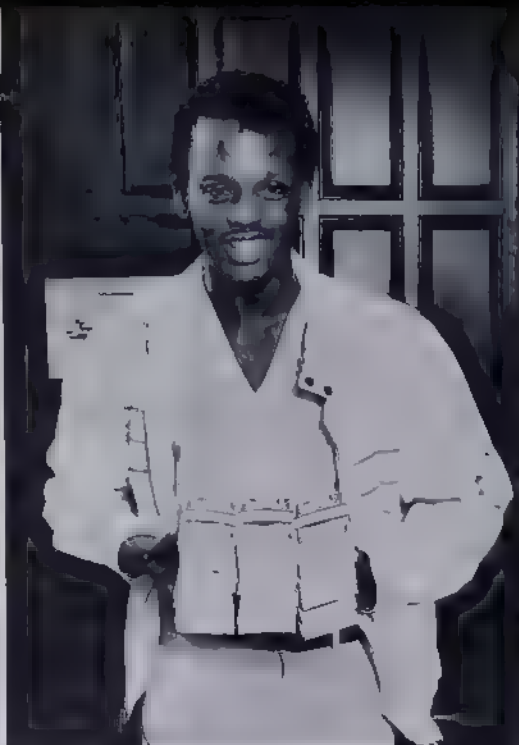
A GUIDE TO THE UP AND COMING

Sam Salter, 19, believes that success is "I like having a crush on a girl—once you become obsessed you work at it 24 hours a day." And that's exactly what he's done. The result. As president of his own company, Continental Finance Corp. of East Orange, N.J., Salter earns a \$75,000-a-year salary and owns a \$75,000 condominium in nearby suburban Woodbridge.

A high school dropout (he later earned an equivalency degree), Salter showed an early aptitude for business when, at 12, he and some friends began a grocery-delivery business. "We told people that we were a youth organization," he says unabashedly. "We'd go to the grocery store, then mark everything up almost double by the

time we delivered it." At 16, he tried his luck at becoming a musician in Las Vegas, then sold real estate for a company in Ohio. He incorporated Continental Finance a year ago. Now the five-man firm acts as a loan broker, helping businesses get financing from such sources as pension funds, insurance companies and private investors.

Salter says that of the approximately 275 loan applications he has prepared in the last two years, 75 percent have been successful, and he charges anywhere from 2 to 6 percent of the total amount as his fee. So what about a boast he'd be a millionaire by age 21? "I'm looking for long-term returns," says Salter. "If I were looking for instant wealth, I'd already be a millionaire." □



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

When she was in junior high, **Patricia Keck**, 28, says she was "mad that the boys got to do woodworking and interesting stuff like metalworking. The girls always had to make Kleenex cases or little handkerchiefs." Now Keck has gotten her revenge. The Andover, Mass., sculptor specializes in massive wood carvings, variations on some early-American classics like the cigar-store Indian, carousel animals and puppets. And that's not all: Some have moving fingers, wiggling feet and rolling eyes.

At a recent one-woman show in Manhattan, Keck's most striking carvings were a six-foot-long *Green Monkey* (\$3,400) and a three-foot-high, shiny black *Ratmobile* (\$3,500), both on wheels, both meticulously

detailed with steel teeth, jeweled collars and leather harnesses. Keck traces her artistic genes to her paternal grandfather, who sculpted statues of Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln and Father Francis P. Duffy, the World War I chaplain who presides over Manhattan's Duffy Square. Keck lives with her parents; her studio is a converted garage in the family's large colonial home 15 miles north of Boston.

As a student at the Rhode Island School of Design, Keck built a plaster sculpture of David Bowie, with an orange yarn wig and go-diamond jacket made from *Funny Bones* snack-cake wrappers. "It got me through college," she says, "but my roommate and I sure got tired of eating *Funny Bones*." □



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



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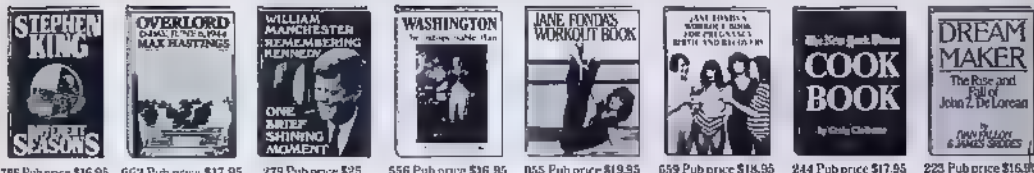
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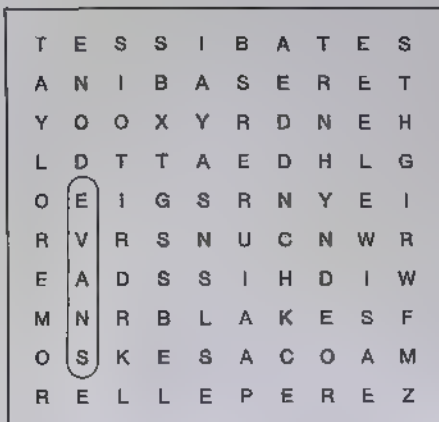
By Gerard Mosier

The names of 20 prominent people are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started you off by

circling EVANS, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super PEOPLE sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers in next week's issue.

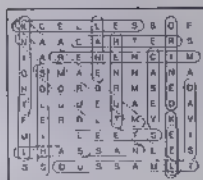
Clues

1. Krystle but hardly clear
2. Fashionable photog
3. P.M. in Rome
4. Nobel "Ma"
5. Pol o foe
6. Vocal on *Art of Defense*
7. He suffers *Under*...
8. ...the *Volcano* with her...
9. ...thanks to him
10. Little Willie's aunt
11. Hotel owner...
12. ...and her glitzy guest
13. *Gunsmoke*'s Miss Kitty
14. Trying again as talk host
15. Seeking the beef
16. Driving the Cars
17. UNiversal secretary
18. A great Pretender
19. She was *Buffalo Bill*'s gal
20. Instigator of big fights



Answers to Aug. 13 Puzzle

1. Brooke Shields
2. Mort Sahl
3. Hosni Mubarak
4. Diane Lane
5. David Letterman
6. Ted Knight
7. Nancy Dussault
8. Robert De Niro
9. Maggie Lee
10. Martha Davis
11. King Hassan II
12. Tom Selleck
13. Lorne Luft
14. Dan Leue
15. Howard Keel
16. Jimmy Carter
17. William Casey
18. Ted Turner
19. James Michener
20. David Soul



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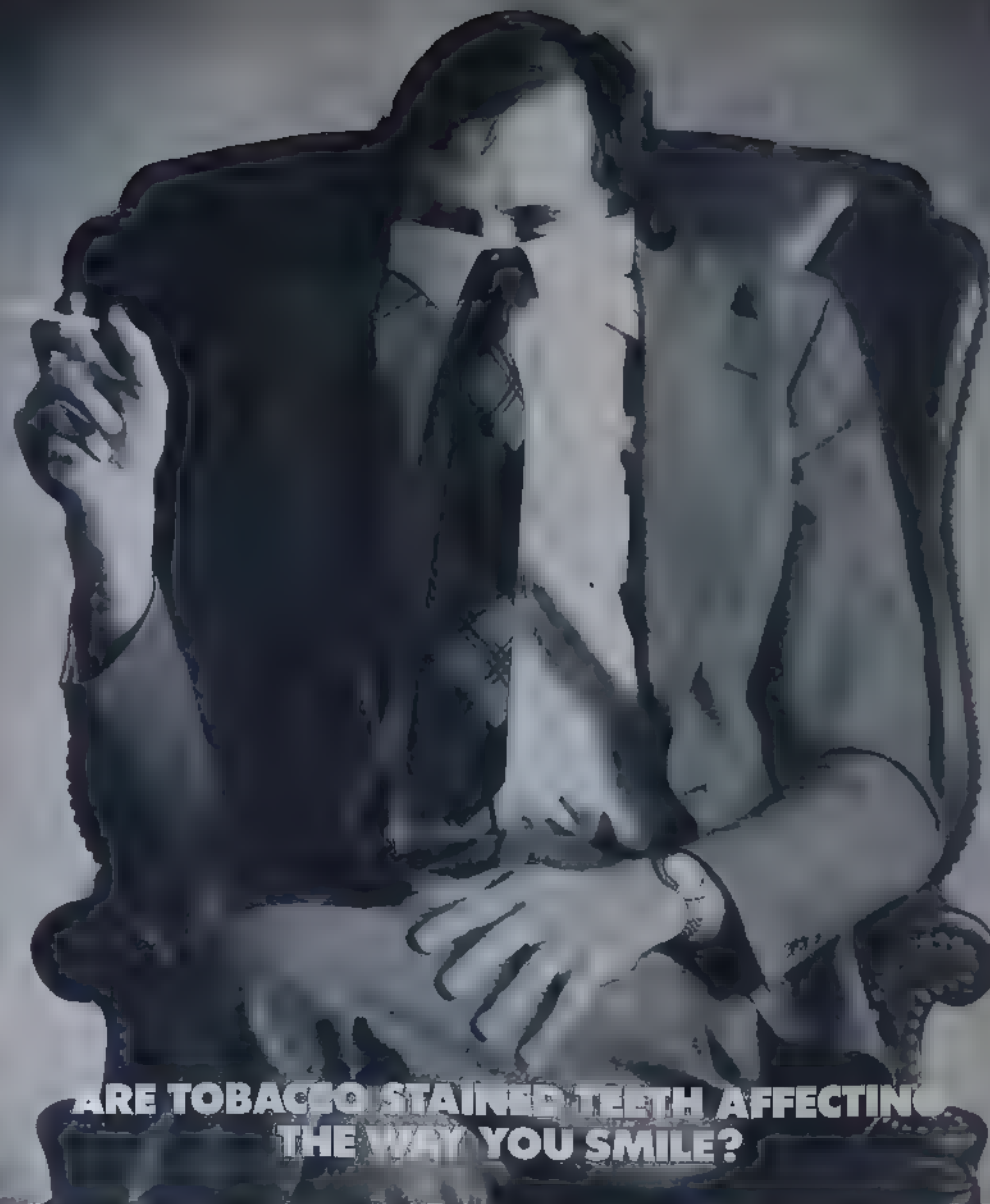
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Adventure



After lying in the *Andrea Doria* on the ocean floor for 26 years the safe was brought up by Peter Gimbel and put under shark protection at the New York Aquarium. Below, even locksmith Sal Schifflizzi's art couldn't crack it.

SAFE CRACKING LEADS TO TV'S BIGGEST OPENING: THE SAFE OF THE *ANDREA DORIA*

by George Plimpton

I have a friend, a vague one, who had a short career as a safecracker until he was caught and spent a short time in the pen. Whenever we meet he inevitably suggests. (I never know quite how seriously) that he would be willing to "come out of retirement" to show me, a participatory journalist, what it is like to crack a safe. "It's very exciting," he tells me. "We could do a small safe, just to give you an idea."

His offer has been on my mind recently because I have agreed to be master of ceremonies at easily the most publicized and widely viewed safecracking in history—the televised opening of the safe that Peter Gimbel's expedition winkled out of the innards of the *Andrea Doria* three years ago. The *Andrea Doria* has been lying on the ocean floor off Nantucket since 1956, when she collided with the *Stockholm* and



CONTINUED

Adventure

sank, leaving about 50 people dead. Her safe, upon being salvaged, was sealed by U.S. Customs and placed under bond for \$2 million; it has been on public display in a tank at the New York Aquarium at Coney Island ever since. On the evening of August 16, in a moment of revelation to be seen on syndicated TV and carried by satellite to 42 foreign countries, the safe will be

The doomed *Andrea Doria* lay on her side for 11 hours after being rammed by another passenger ship before she sank.



opened. At intervals during a remarkable film Peter Gimbel and his wife, Elga Anderson-Gimbel, have made about the salvaging, there will be ongoing live coverage of the final stages of the safecracking, ending with the disclosure of its contents.

No one has any idea exactly what is inside. No manifest exists.

The safe is what is called in the trade a "money safe"—28 inches wide and nearly five feet tall. It has a squarish door with a combination lock and in addition a lock that requires two keys. Only three such safes, manufactured by an Italian company, Lips Vago, were ever made.

There are a number of mysteries about the *Andrea Doria* safe. One is the broken key in the lock, snapped off when the safe was hoisted aboard the salvage craft. Peter Gimbel has a theory that someone was working late in the ship's bank on that tragic July night in 1956 (the *Andrea Doria* was to dock the next morning in New York) when, at 11:10 p.m., the bow of the *Stockholm* crashed into the side of the *Andrea Doria* only 40 feet from the bank. Within five minutes the ship had heeled to a 23-degree list, and anyone working be-

low decks that night near the crash could hardly be blamed for hightailing it out of there. Meanwhile the heeling, with the safe on the down side, would have slammed the 850-pound door inexorably shut.

The safe spent its first months ashore in the shark tank of the New York Aquarium, a colorful site—the safe lay on coral with sharks circling overhead. But it turned out to be an ill-chosen place. Every five to 10 minutes a jet of bubbles would emerge from a corner of the safe and stream up past the sharks. At first no one took this to be anything more than the escape of trapped air. But Elga kept mentioning how curious this phenomenon was—there could only be so much air in the safe—and after two months the director of the aquarium, Dr. George Ruggeri, trapped some of the bubbles in a beaker for analysis. Three weeks later the diagnosis came back from Georgetown University: methane and carbon dioxide, commonly known as swamp gas, which is exuded by bacteria chomping on organic matter.

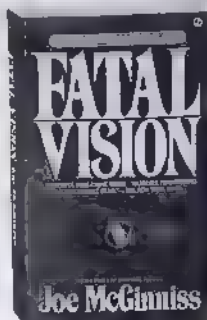
"But what could they be eating?" I had asked. "Could there be a salami sandwich in there?"

CONTINUED



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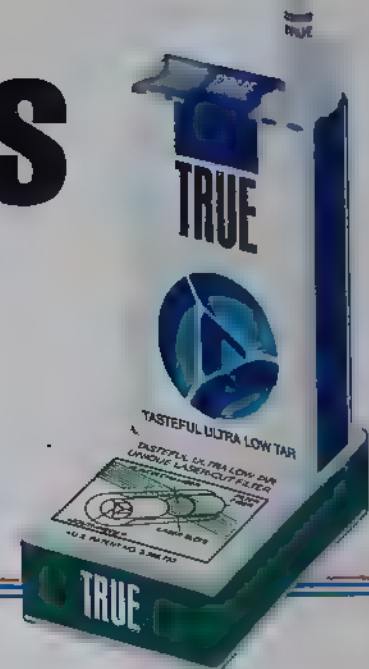
N.Y. Times Book Review 8/5/84



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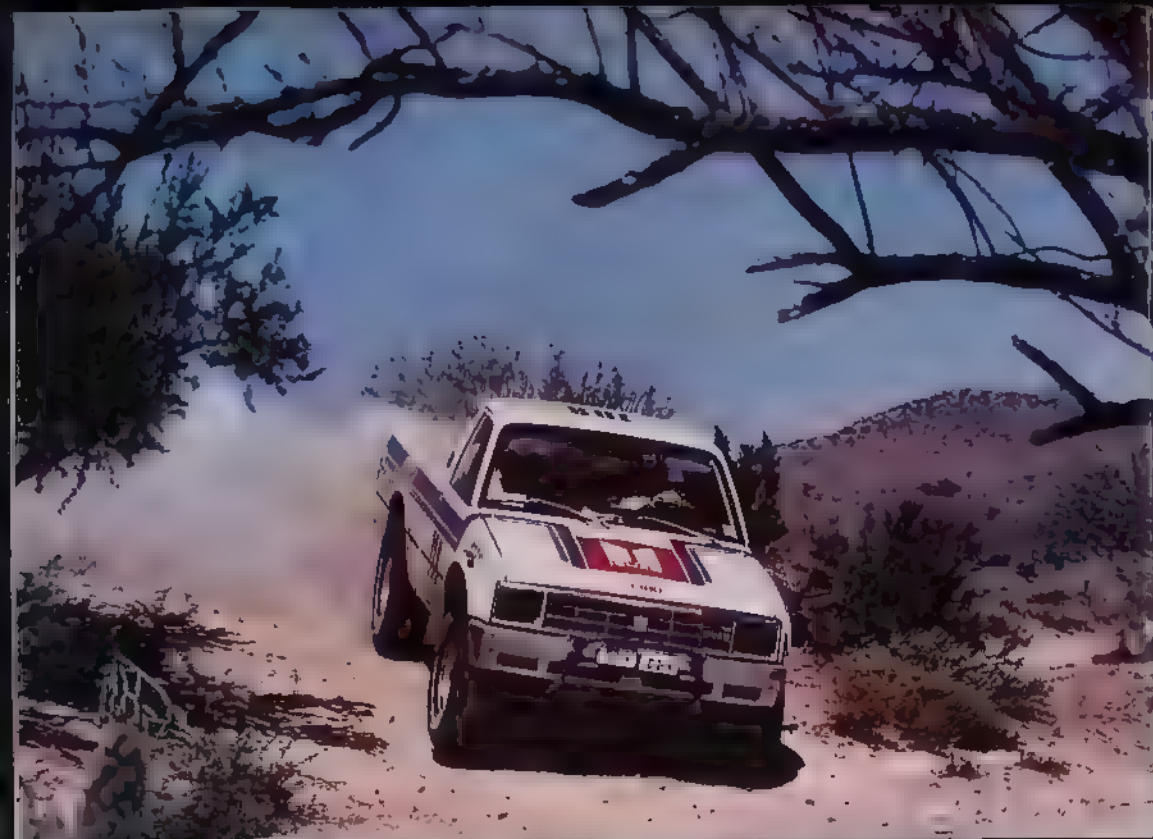
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Adventure

"Not too likely," Gimbel replied. "But the specialists know the bacteria are feeding on something, perhaps paper fibers. If a fortune in paper money is in the safe, it is being consumed."

After the scientist's report, the safe was quickly moved from the warm shark tank to a holding tank of near-freezing water. The stream of bubbles stopped almost instantly.

The safe was first prepared for its final public opening by one of the world's great safecrackers—Sal Schillizzi of Howard Beach, Queens. Sal works on the side of the angels, naturally, out of his own company, All-Over Locksmiths. Sal started on the *Doria's* safe on July 24, and he cannot remember working under stranger conditions. The safe lies on its back. The water level has been lowered so that the door is four inches above the water; to drain the water completely would allow the bacteria in the safe to stir again and begin feeding. So, wearing waders, Sal leaned across the safe's surface, fiddling.

"It's a tough job," Sal said two weeks ago. "By far the toughest for me. It's the rust, the corrosion. The door is fused to the frame."

I asked how long it would take him to open the safe if it had not spent 20-odd years in the sea.

"Perhaps five hours," he said. "Two hours plus on the combination lock, which has four wheels with a hundred numbers on each wheel—literally millions of combinations—and then two hours plus on the key lock, which is an excellent lock with 14 tumblers in it."

"But I will tell you something interesting. I think the safe is already open. The dial spins to the left, not to the right. That means that the four-number combination has already been dialed. It also takes two keys to open the safe. There is one broken in the keyhole, and I think it is key No. 2."

"Doesn't the key turn?"

"It's giving me great trouble. I never use force. If I can loosen the door I will have done my job. If I don't succeed the Italians who made the safe will drill holes in the side and punch in the bolts. That's not easy either. There are 10 of those bolts. It's a helluva safe."

I asked Sal if he could describe the most valuable cache he had ever unlocked. Oh yes, he said, that had been five large safes belonging to a chiropractor, who had died without leaving any of the combinations. Each safe

that Sal opened, on behalf of the estate and very likely the government, was packed with money, such an enormous hoard that he was not allowed to leave the house until an armored car had pulled up at the door. That was a bit ironic. "What is in the safe is of little interest to me," he said, grinning. "It is the opening of the safe that is important. Every one you open, it's just like your first." He said he had opened Thomas Edison's safe 50 years after the inventor's death, on the instruction of U.S. government officials who were looking for missing patents.

"Well, what was inside?"

"Not a thing," he said. "It was completely empty. So everyone was disappointed, except me."

"So you won't be disappointed if there's nothing in the *Doria's* safe?"

"Not at all."

As it turned out, Lips Vago's product proved to be the "helluva safe" Sal said it was. He couldn't get it open because the door, as he guessed, was unlocked already but held tight by the corroded bolts. Lips Vago decided to call on specialists from the Chubb lock company in England, who were flown in two weeks ago. It took them three days to free the bolts so that the door will swing open once Customs' maximum security seal and chain are removed. Gimbel has developed an ingenious method for removing the contents, however decimated by bacteria at that point. It involves injecting into the safe a chemical fluid called Fomblin, made in Italy and costing about \$635 a gallon, which has great specific gravity; it will form a layer under any bank notes, paper money or whatever and float them to the surface. As soon as they are skimmed off they will be examined by a lineup of experts with microscopes, who will be able to tell us at least what was in the safe.

I asked Peter, "Do you think there'll be anything recognizable—a stack of lire, a bag of pound notes...?"

"It's possible," he said, though he shakes his head in anguish at the thought of the 100 days during which the bacteria were producing those streams of minburps. "After all, mailbags were brought up from the *Lusitania*, which was on the ocean floor 40 years longer, with letters that were absolutely legible."

"But then again, it could be that all that we have brought up is goo."

"Goo?"

I was pondering how to describe goo to an international television audience when Gimbel said, "Of course this extraction method will lift paper to the surface but leave behind the heavy stuff, if there is any down there—bags of diamonds, gold coins or other mind-boggling examples of what insurance companies call 'unaccompanied consignments.'"

So that will be the last drama of Thursday evening—to shine a light down into the darkness of the *Doria's* safe and see what is left.

And suppose, like Edison's safe, there is nothing? It won't matter to the Gimbels, who achieved what they set out to do—make an extraordinary movie—or to Sal Schillizzi, who has attempted to perform his greatest "crack." There is only the master of ceremonies to worry about—staring bleakly out at his audience with an empty safe behind him. What does he say in a situation like that? Any suggestions? □

Gimbel (below, with his wife, Elga) and a partner reached the *Andrea Doria* only 26 hours after she went down.



ABC NEWS

ABC GETS A BIG SPLASH FROM ITS GORGEOUS NEW ANCHOR AT THE LOS ANGELES GAMES

For viewers of ABC's Los Angeles Olympic coverage, that elegant face seemed to be everywhere—co-hosting daytime segments with Frank Gifford, updating the action on the *World News Tonight* and later coming on opposite Jim McKay to talk about what the athletes ate and how they warmed up. Almost every time she appeared on camera, ABC's rising new anchor, Kathleen Sullivan, 31, put on a gold-medal show. Even when she faltered or flubbed outright, it didn't seem to matter. She cried while talking with Jeff Blatnick, the American wrestling gold medalist who overcame cancer. In an interview with 1960 Olympian Wilma Rudolph, Sullivan asked how it had felt to carry the Olympic flag—when the flag bearer actually had been 1988 gold medalist Wyomia Tyus. "If anyone else had done it," said a colleague, "it would have been more serious. But the audience is willing to forgive her anything."

Sullivan is the glitziest of a new generation of anchors who have been packaged more for stardom than for news mastery. "The P.T. Barnums have taken over the news business," says a fellow broadcaster, "and Kathleen is a terrific performer." Her regular beat is the co-anchor slot with Steve Bell on ABC's 6 a.m. Washington-based *World News This Morning*, where she lights up the dawn with a thousand kilowatt smile, enormous doe eyes and a mellow alto voice just on the wholesome side of sexy.

"The first time I heard my voice I hated it," claims Sullivan. Not so the powers in the network. Last winter ABC News and Sports President Rooney Arledge picked her for a slot at the Sarajevo Games, where she added flash to nightly updates with Jim Lampley. Cheered *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, "If Sarajevo was Sullivan's trial for L.A., hallelujah."

Arledge is very high on his rising star. "She's Rooney's protégée," says a reporter. And Arledge makes no bones about it: "She has a presence that jumps out of the screen, especially her eyes," he has said.

Sullivan runs cool in the pressure cooker of the network's Washington newsroom. "I like it when it's tough," she says.

That presence set some kind of record jumping into network television. She was born in Pasadena, Calif., where her mother was a racetrack publicist (her parents split before Kathleen was born). In 1977 she got a job interning in the sports department of Los Angeles station KNXT while attending USC. The next year she dropped out to grab an anchor job on Salt Lake City's KTVX, then leapfrogged to Atlanta as first anchor for Cable News Network. In 1982, at Arledge's instigation, ABC signed her for *World News This Morning*.

Sullivan has managed each jump with virtually no experience in TV news reporting, the usual ticket to an anchor slot. "I don't think she knows what she's reading sometimes," says a fellow broadcaster. "But it doesn't matter. She's always had star quality."

Some ABC staffers now expect her to make another jump—to the network summit. Says *World News This Morning* producer Pat Roddy, "She's the No. 1 draft choice at ABC." Kathleen is already being mentioned by insiders as a future prime-time anchor opposite Peter Jennings on *World News Tonight*, or even an eventual replacement for Ted Koppel on *Nightline*. "She can do anything," claims Roddy. "The sky's the limit."

JIM CALIO

Prepping for her Olympic yachting coverage, Sullivan got pointers from super-sailor Chris Reeve off Marina del Rey.





Joe Jackson:
Video
turndown

● Singer **Joe Jackson** took up a whole page in *Videofile* magazine to explain why he didn't do a video in conjunction with his *Body and Soul* LP, which even so has spent more than four months on the charts. According to Jackson, videos have become "a shallow, tasteless and formulaic way of selling music." What's more, he says, they "kill the potential of a song to evoke special feelings for the individual listener," and "many artists lose their credibility by coming across as bad actors rather than as good musicians." Still, Jackson concedes, "There are a handful [of videos] that I even like! If I could dance like Michael Jackson, I might be making a video right now."

● To mark the 15th anniversary of Woodstock, Grossinger's, the resort hotel that is 12 miles—and cultural light-years—away from the site of the legendary festival, held a reunion weekend complete with a tie-dyeing workshop and performances by Woodstock alums **David Clayton-Thomas** (of Blood, Sweat and Tears) and **John Sebastian** (of the Lovin' Spoonful). Sebastian, 40, joked of his career since 1969: "There comes a time when you look in the mirror and you realize, practically overnight, you've become wildly unpopular." The next day a group that included **Abbie Hoffman** visited Yasgur's Farm, where the concert took place. Pressed by TV camera crews for his reflections, Abbie replied, "If I was here alone, I might be a little more meditative." Later he returned alone to the site wearing a T-shirt giving his message: "Yippie, yes, Yuppie, no."

● *Falcon Crest*'s **Shannon Tweed** was unusually chatty and a bit catty about her love life, at a party for the massive Olym-

CHATTER

BY FRED BERNSTEIN



Shannon Tweed: Man to man to man

pics press corps in L.A. When she was *Playboy*'s Playmate of the Year in 1982, she had had a relationship with **Hugh Hefner**, but it ended "because we were going in different directions. When I would be coming home from the studio, Hef would just be getting up." Tweed had a fling with producer **Bob (Cotton Club) Evans**, and then segued into an affair with *Trapper John*'s **Gregory Harrison**, which culminated in a jaunt to the Australian Outback. So why did that one end? Said Tweed of Greg: "He conveniently forgot to tell me he was married."

● No one could be happier about **Geraldine Ferraro**'s good fortune than the folks at Marymount Manhattan College. The small (800 students) private institution has been featuring alumna Ferraro in its advertising campaign, which began in January. A poster in some New York subway stations quotes "U.S. Congresswoman" Ferraro as saying that Marymount gave her "a lesson in life and a firm grounding in the future."



Prince Edward:
Whipping
boy

● Britain's **Prince Edward** is in Dutch with child welfare organizations for saying, in his first major television interview, that he approves of corporal punishment. "Used in the right context," said Edward during a program about Gordonstoun, the Scottish boarding school he attended, "a thrashing is very valuable." Edward, 20, admitted that during his own school days he was rarely punished. "But that does not mean I was on the straight and narrow. The sign of a good criminal is if you can get away with it."

● In Hollywood, the land where dreams sometimes come true, the latest fad is a wish bracelet. A slew of celebs, including **Tatum O'Neal**, **Francis Coppola**, **Cher** and **Molly Ringwald**, have tied these beaded strips of cloth and string around their wrists. Here's the deal: You make a wish as you tie the bracelet on, and when it falls apart (in somewhat less than a year), your wish supposedly comes true. You can get the handmade bracelets only from **Tracy Reiner**, 20 (stepdaughter of Rob Reiner and daughter of Penny Marshall), **Claire Kellerman**, 20 (daughter of Sally), and Valley girl **Moon Unit Zappa**, 16 (daughter of Frank). These hip offspring began making the bracelets, which cost from \$5 to \$75, after Tracy spotted them on a trip to Brazil. Now they've sold about 300, and of those that have fallen off, Claire says she knows of at least 20 instances where wishes have come true. "You can't lose with it because you win if you lose it," she says. And if you're worried about litter in those Hollywood Hills, Claire says no way: "The string is biodegradable and the beads will just lie in the street looking beautiful."

NEXT WEEK IN PEOPLE

**Fall
PREVIEW**

Together at last! Meryl Streep, Tom Selleck, Boy George, Jessica Lange, Larry Holmes, Sting, Bill Cosby, Rickie Lee Jones, Mel Gibson, Morgan Fairchild, Doonesbury, Vanessa Williams and Stefanie Powers star in our guide to what's ahead in TV, movies, music, video, fashion and more

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